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Verses.

BY
A COUNTRY CURATE.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCHE : T. WAYTE.
LONDON : JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,
AND NEW BOND STREET.
1859.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY JOSEPH MASTERS AND CO.,
ALDERSGATE STREET.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY PARENTS,

WITH REVERENCE ;

TO MY WIFE,

WITH SINCEREST LOVE ;

TO MY THREE LITTLE CHILDREN,

WITH EARNEST HOPE,

These Verses

ARE INSCRIBED.

H.

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Translations are distinguished by an asterisk.

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V E R S E S.

I.

A SUNDAY MORNING HYMN.

Primo dierum omnium.

S. GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

ON this first day, when earth stands forth
Complete, by GOD's decree ;
When CHRIST hath conquer'd Death, and comes
From Death to set us free ;

Haste we to leave the sluggish beds,
Which sleep and sloth oppress ;
And, as the Prophet taught, to GOD
Our early cry address ;

That He may hear our suit, and stretch
His Right Hand from on high,
To cleanse our filth, and give once more
Our home beyond the sky ;

That, while we sing our gladsome Psalms,
This calm, most holy morn,
With richest gifts of grace and love
He may our souls adorn.

Father of lights ! we humbly ask,
Let now this pray'r ascend ;
From lusts that shame, from acts of blame,
Thy servants still defend.

May no dull ease, no choking care,
No heat of foul desire,
Condemn our limbs a fitting prey
To Hell's consuming fire.

REDEEMER ! in Thy mercy, deign
To wash our guilt away,
And grant us all the joys to know
Of Life's eternal day.

Now—exiles from Thy courts through sin,
Then—welcome inmates made,
May our unending worship there
With Angel songs be paid.

JESU, the SAVIOUR, Virgin-born,
With GOD the FATHER One,
And with the HOLY PARACLETE,
To Thee all praise be done. Amen.

Another ending is:

Most righteous FATHER, grant our pray'r,
And Thou, Co-Equal SON,
And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

Of the Hymns contained in this little volume, the greater part are translations from the Latin—being the old Hymns of the Use of Salisbury. See the *Hymnale secundum usum insignis ac præclaræ Ecclesiæ Sarisburiensis*. Littlemore, 1850. (Sb.) These ancient songs cannot but have a great interest for English Churchmen. They are the songs of our own beloved Church during the middle ages; of which not a few may have been introduced into this country by S. Augustine, the Apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, twelve centuries and a half ago; being even then hymns of some antiquity. Thus their age entitles them to our respect; an age, which reaches, if not above all medieval corruptions—yet at least, above some of the most extravagant developments of doctrinal error. And not only their venerable age, but also their strictly Evangelical character commends them to us. Of the large majority it may be said, that they run most commonly in the very words and phrases of Scripture, and are constantly full of its spirit. Such as belong to a later date, and teach doctrines which the Church of England has rejected, are exceptions, and these I have not thought of rendering.

It is well known that the Compilers of our Prayer Book designed to base the Hymns of the new Service Book upon those of its predecessors, (see, among others, that most interesting work, *Jebb on the Choral Service*,) and they have left us a sublime version of the *Veni Creator* in our Ordinal, as a specimen of what they could have accomplished in this way, had they been suffered to execute the task. Of late years the desire has been frequently expressed that our Church should now at length put forth with authority a Collection of Hymns, drawn from its own too long-neglected treasure-house; and perhaps in a few more lustres Convocation may be permitted to comply with so reasonable a wish. Any immediate step of this

kind is to be deprecated. In the meantime let as many poets as can be found be invited to give us translations of these ancient songs ; a large number of versifiers is sure to do so unasked. Among the latter class the present writer makes his appearance, with this only apology : that to render some of these old Hymns has been to him a labour of love, and that if, by his versions, he shall in the least contribute to make these treasures of our Church known and appreciated, his pains will have been well bestowed.

For the original of the above Hymn see Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, (Daniel,) vol. i. p. 175.

S. Gregory the Great was Bishop of Rome from A.D. 590, to A.D. 604. His name is dear to us as that of the Prelate who had craved to come himself as a Missionary to our shores, and when this was not permitted, sent S. Augustine. From him the Sarum Hymnal derives three of its Morning, and four of its Lenten Hymns, all of which are rendered in the present volume.

In v. 7, of the original reference is made to Psalm cxix. 62 ; but the translation is designed as a Hymn for the Morning rather than the Night, and reference may be understood to Psalms v. 3 ; lix. 16 ; xcii. 2 ; cviii. 2.

II.

A MORNING HYMN.

Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.

S. GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

RISE ere day-break, let us all be watchful,
 Ever in psalms to meditate, and sweetly
 Sing before GOD with voice and heart consenting
 Hymns of devotion.

Thus with the blessed Saints in adoration,
 Joining our songs to CHRIST the King of glory,
 May we with them at length attain to enter
 Joys everlasting.

Grant this, O FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 One in Three Persons, Equal, Undivided,
 Thou Whose eternal praise is ever spoken
 Through all the nations. Amen.

Daniel, i. 176 ; iv. 176.

“From what I have said above as to the English character of the music, you will be prepared for my boldness in advocating an English variety of metre. Common Measure, which, after all, is but an easy modification of Long Measure, Peculiar Measure, when not *very* peculiar, and Short Measure, should all, in my humble judgment, have place together with the orthodox octosyllabic Long Measure Iambic, upon the pages of a Church’s Hymn-book. The English mind delights in all. Let it enjoy its harmless delight—in Church as well as at oratorio or concert.”—*Mr. Blew’s Letter to the Rev. W. U. Richards.* I know not whether these words of one who is an authority in the matter of Hymns, will be held to excuse the Metre borrowed from the original of the above, or some other Metres which will be found further on. I presume, however, that the Sapphic Stanza is not *too* peculiar, as I find it employed in the *Church Hymn and Tune Book*, by the Rev. W. J. Blew and Dr. Gauntlett, and also in the *Hymnal Noted*.

III.

A MORNING HYMN.

Æterne rerum Conditor.

S. AMBROSIVS.

MAKER of all, Eternal King,
 Who night and day in course dost bring ;
 Who change of times to man hast bless'd,
 That all his feeble pow'rs may rest ;

Now crows the herald of the light,
 The wakeful tongue of deepest night,
 Whose voice the weary trav'ler guides,
 And darksome watch from watch divides.

Now morn's bright star with joy we hail,
 The shadows of the night grow pale ;
 The phantom bands which dread the day,
 Before its dawning shrink away ;

New strength doth now the sailor fill,
 The angry ocean-waves are still ;
 'Twas at cock-crow that Peter's tears
 Aton'd for all his shameful fears.

At this glad hour we haste to rise,
 The cock calls him who slothful lies ;

The idle soul its summons shames,
The wilful sluggard loudly blames.

Hope with the cock-crow comes again,
And health succeeds the night of pain ;
The robber's sword is sheath'd once more,
They take fresh heart who fell before.

JESU ! look on us when we fall,
Our wand'ring love and faith recall ;
Turn and display Thy healing grace,—
Our tears shall all our guilt efface.

LORD, on our senses pour Thy light,
And wake our souls from sleep and night ;
Be Thou our Song with op'ning day,
To Whom our freshest vows we pay.

JESU, the Virgin-born, to Thee
All glory, praise and honour be ;
Who with the FATHER ever One,
And HOLY GHOST, art GOD Alone. Amen.

Another ending is :

O FATHER, that we ask be done ;
Grant it, Thou Co-Eternal SON ;
Grant it, Thou HOLY SPIRIT Bless'd ;
Three Persons in One GOD confess'd. Amen.

Daniel, i. 15 ; iv. 3. Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, xlix.

S. Ambrose was Bishop of Milan, from A.D. 374, to A.D. 397.
There is a large number of Hymns which bear his name, but

twelve only are supposed to be genuine. These are properly called the Hymns of S. Ambrose ; the rest are termed Ambrosian Hymns. Among the genuine are to be reckoned *Æterne rerum Conditor* above, and also *Deus Creator omnium*, and *Veni Redemptor gentium*, both which are rendered in the present pages.

 IV.

A MORNING HYMN.

Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.

S. GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

PALE grow the shadows night hath spread around us,
 See how glad morning puts to flight the darkness ;
 Now let us make our earnest supplication
 To the ALMIGHTY.

Pray we that GOD will pity our weakness,
 Banish our sloth, in health defend His servants,
 And with a FATHER's love assign our dwelling
 In His bright kingdom.

Grant this, O FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 One in Three Persons, Equal, Undivided,
 Thou Whose eternal praise is ever spoken
 Through all the nations. Amen.

Daniel, i. 177 ; iv. 176.

V.

A MORNING HYMN.

Somno reffectis artubus.

S. AMBROSIVS.

OUR limbs are now refresh'd with sleep ;
 We leave our beds, and rise ;
 And pray Thee, FATHER, to attend
 This early sacrifice.

Be Thou, O GOD, our first, glad song,
 Be Thine our first, fresh zeal ;
 That still of ev'ry act the Source,
 Thy Presence we may feel.

Let darkness yield to gladsome light,
 The night to day's bright star ;
 That all the ills which night hath brought
 The dawn may banish far.

We also humbly pray Thee, LORD ;
 Cut all our faults away ;
 So we Thy Name and pow'r shall sing
 Through life's unending day.

JESU, the SAVIOUR, Virgin-born,
 With GOD the FATHER One,

And with the HOLY PARACLETE,
To Thee all praise be done. Amen.

Another ending is:

Most righteous FATHER, grant our pray'r,
And Thou, Co-Equal SON,
And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
Reigning for ever One. Amen.

Daniel, i. 26 ; iv. 36.

VI.

A MORNING HYMN.

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

PRUDENTIUS.

Lo, now doth rise the golden light ;
Far be the shadows of that night,
Which us longwhile to error drew,
By phantoms false, and calls untrue.

May dawn disclose a calmer sky,
And our affections purify ;
Speak we no word of cheating guile,
Form we no plan of subtle wile.

So may the livelong day pass on,
And neither hand offend, nor tongue,
Nor gaze of wanton eye transgress,
Nor lust defile, nor sloth oppress.

For GOD is watching from on high,
 And scans us with observant Eye ;
 Our secret actions all He knows,
 From morning's dawn to evening's close.

To GOD the FATHER, glory be,
 Like glory, GOD the SON, to Thee,
 Glory to GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 From men and from the Heav'nly Host. Amen.

Daniel, i. 121 ; iv. 40.

Aurelius Prudentius Clemens was born in Spain A.D. 348, and enriched the Hymnal of the Church with a large number of sacred poems.

VII.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Deus Creator omnium.

S. AMBROSIIUS.

MAKER of all, O LORD and GOD Most High,
 Thou mighty Ruler of the changeful sky ;
 Whose bounty decks the day with quick'ning light,
 Whose mercy brings sweet sleep with silent night.

Now the worn limbs, by labour spent and pain,
 May through Thy care their strength and pow'rs
 regain,
 And the o'ertask'd, or griev'd and anxious mind,
 A soothing balm, a healing rest may find.

The day is past, and we Thy praise would sing,
The night is come, and we our pray'rs would bring ;
Guilty we are, wash Thou our guilt away,
Feeble we are, be Thou our Help and Stay.

Thee from our inmost hearts, O GOD, we bless,
To Thee their sweetest hymns our lips address,
For Thee our love with chasten'd fervour burns,
To Thee in worship true our sober spirit turns.

Now that the darkness round the day doth fall,
And night o'er all things spreads her sable pall,
Oh, may our faith nor night nor darkness know,
But still to chase the gloom more brightly glow.

LORD, let not sleep our careless souls surprise,
Thou know'st that ancient fault—our heavy eyes ;¹
Let now our limbs in slumber pure recline,
Our spirit watch, sustain'd by faith Divine.

We, when we sleep, to worldly lusts would die,
And dream of Heav'n, while yet on earth we lie ;
Let not the Foe of souls our couch molest,
His snares or weapons break our holy rest.

To GOD the FATHER this our pray'r we make,
And humbly ask it for the SAVIOUR's sake ;
Who with the FATHER, and the SPIRIT, One,
Shall live and reign while endless ages run. Amen.

Daniel, i. 17 ; iv. 1.

¹ S. Matt. xxvi. 40, &c.

VIII.

A SATURDAY EVENING HYMN.

O quanta qualia.

ANON.

OH, what must be their joy,
 Sweet Sabbaths of the Bless'd ;
 Those days which shall the valiant crown,
 And give the weary rest.

No tongue of man hath skill,
 The sweet peace to declare
 Of such as, round th' Eternal Throne,
 Those endless Sabbaths share.

“ Jerusalem,” we name—
 “ Vision of peace,”—the shore,
 Where CHRIST to all His Flock Redeem'd
 Gives rest for evermore.

Where wish and having meet,
 Shortcoming ent'reth ne'er,
 The joys to which the saints attain,
 Exceed their ev'ry pray'r.

We, when those realms we reach,
 Where sorrows may not be,
 Shall Zion's glorious anthems sing
 From pain and danger free.

All days shall merge in one ;
 One be the triumph-song
 Which to the Angels and to us
 Unending shall belong.

Meanwhile with hearts uprais'd,
 We for that Country sigh,
 And seek, from this our exile land,
 Jerusalem on high.

All glory, honour, praise
 And pow'r eternal be
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD in Persons Three. Amen.

IX.

A HYMN AT COMPLINE.

Te lucis ante terminum.

S. AMBROSIVS.

ERE now the daylight fades away,
 CREATOR of the world, we pray,
 That Thou this night with wonted love,
 Would'st shield Thy servants from above.

Let dreams and visions all take flight,
 And guilty phantoms of the night ;

And do Thou, LORD, restrain our Foe,
Lest he should work us sin and woe.

O FATHER, grant the prayer we make,
For JESUS CHRIST our SAVIOUR's sake,
With Thee and with the SPIRIT One,
While endless ages still shall run. Amen.

Daniel, i. 52.

X.

A HYMN AT COMPLINE.

Salvator mundi Domine.

ANON.

LORD, Who hast kept us all
Through the past day,
SAVIOUR, to Thee we call,
Hear us, we pray ;
Gone is the golden light,
Round us is darksome night,
Keep us with loving might,
Now, and always.

JESU, incline Thine ear
To this our pray'r,
Draw with Thy pity near,
Hearken and spare ;

When we our sins confess,
Then with remission bless,
Then in Thy righteousness
Grant us to share.

While sleep shall close our eyes,
Let our souls wake,
Lest our dread Foe surprise
Captive to take ;
Let not sin's subtle wile,
Satan's dark snare or guile,
Ever our flesh defile,
For Thy dear sake.

Thou dost our minds renew
With Thy free grace,
Show us the splendour true
Of Thy bright Face ;
Grant we may early rise,
Hailing the morning skies,
Pure in Thy holy Eyes,
Strong for our race.

FATHER, all praise to Thee
Meekly we pour ;
JESU, all glory be
Thine evermore ;

SPIRIT, Who with the SON,
 And FATHER, ever One
 Art while the ages run,
 Thee we adore. Amen.

Daniel, i. 274; iv. 209.

The original of this favourite Hymn was in use at Eton College until recently, as part of the *Preces in Longo Cubiculo hora octava Vespertina*. Many Etonians regret the Long Chamber; have they to mourn the entire disappearance with it of this old world Hymn? See also the Note on No. XIX.

XI.

AN EVENING HYMN IN ADVENT.

Conditor alme siderum.

S. AMBROSIVS.

LORD, Who the stars of night¹
 Bounteous didst frame,²
 Thou, the Believers' Light,³
 Ever the Same;⁴
 CHRIST, Who redeem'd'st us all,⁵
 Hear us that meekly call,
 Save us from deadly thrall,
 Through Thy great Name.

¹ Psalm xxxiii. 6.

² S. John i. 3.

³ S. John viii. 12; ix. 5.

⁴ Heb. xiii. 8.

⁵ Gal. iii. 13.

Mourning man's fallen kind
 Doom'd to the grave
 Thou didst a med'cine find¹
 Mighty to save ;
 In the world's ev'ning gloom²
 Cam'st Thou the Bride's high Groom ;³
 Thee the pure Virgin's Womb⁴
 To the earth gave.

Thine is the glory now⁵
 For evermore,
 All knees before Thee bow⁶
 All things adore ;
 Things of high Heaven's birth,
 Things of this lower earth,
 All speak Thy mighty worth,
 All Thy praise pour.

Thee we pray, Holy One,⁷
 Vanquish our Foe ;
 Thou, Who as Judge shalt come,⁸
 Ward off his blow ;
 Thee, while the ages run,⁹
 FATHER, and Only SON,
 With the Bless'd SPIRIT, One,
 Teach us to know. Amen.

Daniel, i. 74; iv. 118, 368.

¹ S. Matt. ix. 12.

² Zech. xiv. 7.

³ S. Matt. ix. 15.

⁴ Isaiah vii. 14.

⁵ Rev. v. 13.

⁶ Phil. ii. 10.

⁷ Eph. vi. 10, 18.

⁸ S. Matt. xxv. 31.

⁹ 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

It would tend much to the convenience of our Hymnals, if compilers would arrange the contents under the four ancient heads: *Ordinarium de Tempore, Proprium de Tempore, Commune Sanctorum, Proprium Sanctorum*. To these might be added a fifth division containing Occasional Hymns, and a sixth division containing hymns not properly classed with any of the foregoing.

The three Advent Hymns here rendered have been printed separately for use among the writer's own congregation. A number of Scripture references were appended in hope of inducing the study and appreciation of the Hymns. These references are given here. It might be well if our Hymn Books generally contained such references, with occasional brief notes and illustrations.

XII.

A MORNING HYMN IN ADVENT.

Verbum Supernum prodiens.

S. AMBROSIVS.

WORD of the FATHER,
Coming from high,
Ever begotten!
Hear, when we cry.
Round us is falling¹
Time's ev'ning shade,
Virgin-born SAVIOUR,
Hasten to aid.

¹ 1 Cor. x. 11.

Lighten our darkness,
STAR of the Day,
Kindle our cold love,
JESU, we pray ;
Grant that the stern voice
Wisely we hear ;¹
“ Sinner, repent thee ;
Judgment is near.”

Teach us to cast off
Works of the night,²
Teach us to put on
Armour of light ;
Help us to flee from
Snares of this life,—
Greed and indulgence,
Hatred and strife.

So when the Trumpet³
Sounds its dread call,
And to the Judgment
Gathers us all ;
When from Thy searching
Nought is conceal'd,
But the dark secrets
All are reveal'd ;⁴

¹ S. Matt. iii. 2.

² Rom. xiii. 12.

³ S. Matt. xxiv. 31.

⁴ S. Luke xii. 2, 3.

When on the sinners,
Waken'd too late,¹
Torments unspoken
Endless await ;²
When to the righteous
Thou dost assign,
In Thy bright Heavens
Ever to shine ;³

Then may our sins, LORD,
Find us no more,
Wash'd in Thy dear Blood,
Pardon'd before ;
Then may'st Thou bid us
With Thee ascend,
Sharing Thy Kingdom
World without end.⁵

Glory, thanksgiving,
Honour and praise,
FATHER, SON, SPIRIT,⁶
To Thee we raise ;
One in Three Persons
Thee we confess ;
GOD, the ALMIGHTY,
Hear us, and bless. Amen.

Daniel, i. 77.

¹ S. Matt. xxiv. 37—39.

² S. Mark ix. 43, 44.

³ S. Matt. xiii. 43.

⁴ 1 S. John i. 7.

⁵ 1 Thess. iv. 17.

⁶ Rev. iv. 8—11.

XIII.

A MORNING HYMN IN ADVENT.

Vox clara ecce intonat.

S. AMBROSIVS.

HARK ! a clear-toned voice, as thunder,¹
 All our secret evils blameth ;
 Dreams and visions part asunder !²
 CHRIST is nigh ! that voice proclaimeth.³

Now, thou sluggish soul, awaken,⁴
 Heed at length this solemn warning,
 All thy filth and sloth forsaken,
 Rise and hail the Star of Morning.⁵

See, from high the LAMB descendeth,
 Taking on Himself our weakness ;⁶
 Freeing us His Blood He spendeth ;⁷
 Rise, and greet thy LORD in meekness.

Pray, that when once more, with terror,
 Thou shalt see that LORD returning ;⁸
 Cleans'd from stain of sin and error,
 He may save thee from the burning.⁹

¹ S. Mark i. 3.² Rom. xiii. 11.³ S. John i. 26.⁴ Rom. xiii. 11—13.⁵ Rev. xxii. 16.⁶ 2 Cor. xiii. 4.⁷ 1 S. Pet. i. 18, 19.⁸ Rev. i. 7.⁹ S. Matt. xiii. 41—43.

To the FATHER, GOD Supernal,¹
To the SON, Co-Equal ever,
To the SPIRIT, Co-Eternal,
Laud and glory, ending never. Amen.

Daniel, i. 76; iv. 143.

XIV.

AN EVENING HYMN AT CHRISTMAS.

Veni Redemptor gentium.

S. AMBROSIIUS.

COME, High REDEEMER, Spotless One,
Reveal Thyself, the Virgin's SON ;
Let ev'ry age adorn Thy Birth,—
Thy Godlike advent to the earth.

Sprung from no seed of human race,
But by the SPIRIT's mystic grace,
The WORD of GOD doth flesh assume,
And shines the Fruit of Mary's Womb.

To her defilement never came,
Her virgin glory knows no blame ;
The standards of the virtues shine,
Where CHRIST vouchsafes to make His shrine.

¹ Isaiah vi. 3.

See from His Chamber He comes forth,—
The Royal Hall of modest worth ;
A giant glad His course to run,
His Natures two, His Person One.

From the High FATHER He proceeds,
Back to the FATHER yet He speeds ;
Down to the Grave and Hell He bends,
Up to the Throne of GOD ascends.

Co-Equal, Co-Eternal WORD,
Our mortal flesh unto Thee gird ;
Its wanton strivings all subdue,
Its failing pow'rs with strength renew.

JESU, now shines Thy Manger bright !
The darkness breathes unwonted light ;
May this new day no ev'ning know,
But still with faith increasing glow.

To GOD the FATHER praise be done,
All glory to the Only SON,
All glory to the PARACLETE,
As was, and is, and shall be meet. Amen.

Daniel, i. 12 ; iv. 4, 353.

XV.

A MORNING HYMN AT CHRISTMAS.

Christe Redemptor omnium.

S. AMBROSIIUS.

O CHRIST, of all REDEEMER,
 The FATHER's Only SON,
 Before the worlds begotten,
 And with the FATHER One ;

Thou art His very Brightness,
 The Light, the Hope of all ;
 Hear, whencesoe'er Thy servants
 In pray'r unto Thee call.

We plead, O LORD and SAVIOUR,
 That once for sinners' sake,
 Thou didst of Virgin stainless,
 Our mortal nature take.

This Feast, in sacred order,
 Attests the wondrous love
 Which brought Thee to redeem us
 From GOD's Own Throne above.

The earth, the sea, the heav'ns,
 And all their shining host,
 Of this Thy natal Feast-day
 Make high exulting boast.

We chiefly whom to ransom,
 Thy Life-Blood Thou didst pour,
 On this most gladsome morning,
 With grateful love adore.

LORD, Virgin-born REDEEMER,
 With GOD the FATHER One,
 And with the HOLY SPIRIT,
 To Thee all praise be done. Amen.

Daniel, i. 78 ; ii. 382 ; iv. 145.

XVI.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Puer natus in Bethlehem.

ANON.

A CHILD is born in Bethlehem ;
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem !
 Here in a manger Him adore,
 Whose reign shall last for evermore.
 The ox and ass the SAVIOUR know,¹
 And own our Monarch, kneeling low.
 From Saba come the duteous kings ;—
 One gold, one myrrh, one incense brings.

¹ Reference is made to Isaiah i. 3, compared with Habakkuk iii. 2, ἐν μέσῳ δύο ζώων γνωσθήσῃ, LXX., in medio duorum animalium innotesceris.

Of human seed He is not born,
Though Mary's womb He doth not scorn.

To take our mortal flesh He deigns,
But free from Adam's guilty stains.

Like us in form, He yet within
No power feels of tainting sin.

In fallen man He would renew
God's ancient Image bright and true.

This Festal time in songs of joy
To JESUS CHRIST let all employ.

High glory, LORD, to Thee be done,
Now seen in flesh the Virgin's SON.

The HOLY TRINITY be prais'd,
Glad thanks to GOD ALMIGHTY rais'd. Amen.

Daniel, i. 334; iv. 258. Trench, vii. Daniel tells us: "In Lutheranorum ecclesiis canticum *Puer natus* pæne ad hodiernum usque diem permansit, ita tamen ut versus Latinè et Germanicè canerentur." Compare Hymns XXVIII. and XXXIII.

XVII.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Chorus.

SONGS of gladness now we sing !
 Hail, the Birthday of our King !
 Joyously and merrily,
 Mirthfully and cheerily,
 Thus the Christmas bells should ring !
 Joyously and merrily,
 Mirthfully and cheerily.

Semi-chorus.

Once again the Day is here,
 Blithest Feast of all the year,
 Bells, ring out and hail the morn !
 CHRIST is of the Virgin born !
 Bells ring out so sweet and clear !
 Bells ring out and hail the morn !
 CHRIST is of the Virgin born !

Chorus.

Songs of gladness.

Semi-chorus.

Saints and Angels all rejoice !
Souls redeem'd, lift up your voice !

Let our common cause of joy
Ev'ry living tongue employ ;
Highest praises are our choice !
Let our common cause of joy
Ev'ry living tongue employ.

Chorus.

Songs of gladness.

Semi-chorus.

CHRIST, the Son of Mary, hail !
Tell abroad the wond'rous tale :
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem,
Born to save the sons of men,
And His kingdom shall not fail !
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem,
Born to save the sons of men.

Chorus.

Songs of gladness.

XVIII.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE
EPIPHANY.

ALL nations of the earth, rejoice,
 High raise to-day your tuneful voice,
 To CHRIST your choicest presents bring ;
 First taught as now the LORD to know,
 To Him your grateful homage show,
 And gladly own Him for your King.

The wise men from the East behold,
 With myrrh, and frankincense, and gold ;
 These gifts a mystic import bear ;
 The myrrh for Him Who deigns to die,
 The incense for a Priest Most High,
 The gold a Monarch to declare.

Led by the guiding of a star,
 The Gentile First-fruits come from far,
 And in that lowly shed adore,—
 First Christian Church in all the land,—
 Whereto the Angel's gracious hand
 The Jewish shepherds brought before.

Oh, may their zeal our hearts inflame,
That we may prove our faith the same,
And like acceptance thus secure ;
Our myrrh—to fleshly lust a death,
Our incense—pray'r's ascending breath,
Our gold—a chasten'd heart and pure.

Self-conquest, longings meet, and love,
We all may bring to CHRIST above,
And not the great or rich alone ;
In these let each with other vie,
By these proclaim the SAVIOUR high,
And make His saving health be known.

And who will grudge his earthly mite,
To help the spread of Gospel light,
To him and his in love reveal'd ;
To graft new branches on the Vine,
To make the Star of Morning shine
In lands by darkness still conceal'd.

O FATHER, praise to Thee be done,
Like praise to Thee, Eternal SON,
In Heav'n and earth for evermore ;
Like praise to Thee, the HOLY GHOST,
With all the bright Celestial Host,
Be ours through endless time to pour. Amen.

XIX.

AN EVENING HYMN IN LENT.

Ex more docti mystico.

S. AMBROSIVS.

By mystic lessons wisely taught,
 Keep we our Lenten Fast ;
 Four times ten days, with healing fraught,
 Its solemn course must last.

The Law and Prophets in the prime¹
 Set forth this sacred term,
 Which CHRIST, the King and LORD of time,
 In Person did confirm.²

Use we but sparely now to take³
 Our pleasure, food or sleep ;⁴
 Light word and thought let all forsake,⁵
 And strictest vigil keep.⁶

Shun we with care those direful ills,⁷
 Which wayward souls destroy ;⁸
 Dread we to yield our feeble wills⁹
 To Satan's foul employ.¹⁰

¹ Exod. xxiv. 18 ; xxxiv. 28 ; Deut. ix. 9, 18 ; 1 Kings xix. 8.² S. Matt. iv. 2.³ 1 Cor. vii. 31.⁴ 1 Cor. ix. 25, 27.⁵ S. Matt. xii. 36 ; Eccl. xii. 14 ; Heb. iv. 12.⁶ S. Mark xiii. 33.⁷ S. Matt. xv. 19.⁸ Eph. v. 3—5.⁹ Rom. vii. 18.¹⁰ Rom. vi. 12, 13.

Prostrate before the JUDGE to-day¹
 Be this our humble pray'r,
 That all His wrath may turn away,²
 And all His love may spare.³

Full oft, O GOD, against that love,
 Have we hard despite done ;⁴
 Now ask we pardon from above ;
 Oh, may our suit be won !⁵

Remember, LORD, though frail, we claim
 Thy workmanship to be ;⁶
 Yield not the honour of Thy Name,⁷
 But keep us close to Thee.

Unloose the bands of evil past,⁸
 The good we seek increase ;⁹
 That we may please Thee at the last,¹⁰
 And know Thine endless peace.¹¹

Great THREE in ONE, with awe profound,
 And humble faith we pray,
 That fruits of penance may be found
 To bless our fasting-day. Amen.

Daniel, i. 96 ; iv. 121.

Of the six Lenten Hymns from the Sarum Hymnal, the first

¹ S. Luke v. 12.

² Rom. v. 9.

³ S. John iii. 16.

⁴ Heb. x. 29.

⁵ Eph. iv. 32.

⁶ Habak. iii. 2.

⁷ Isaiah xlii. 8.

⁸ Psalm xl. 15.

⁹ S. James i. 17.

¹⁰ 1 Thess. iv. 1 ; Heb. xi. 6.

¹¹ Isaiah xlviii. 22.

three are assigned until the Third Sunday in Lent; the second three belong to the Third and Fourth Sundays. I have appended to them a few references.

A translation of this hymn and of the *Audi, benigne Conditor*, as well as of some other of the Hymns which are rendered in these pages, will be found in Bishop Mant's *Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary*, 1837. The good Prelate observes in his preface that the Morning and Evening Hymns of Bishop Ken "partake much of the character of some of these Hymns from the Breviary." And he continues: "As a Winchester College-boy, Ken must have been from early years familiar with one of those compositions, namely that which begins *Jam lucis orto sidere*, and which continued between forty and fifty years ago, when I had the benefit of being one of William of Wykeham's scholars, and, I presume, still continues, to be sung by the College boys, having no doubt been transmitted from the time of the foundation of the College in the fourteenth century. To this practice it is not improbable that we may be indebted for Bishop Ken's own beautiful and well-known Hymns." See the note on Hymn X. in the present volume.

XX.

A MORNING HYMN IN LENT.

Summi Largitor præmii.

S. GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

O THOU, Who dost to man accord¹
His highest prize, his best reward;²
Thou Only Hope of all his race;³

¹ Rev. i. 18.

² Rev. ii. 7.

³ Col. i. 27; 1 S. Tim. i. 1.

In pity, JESU, now draw near,
Thy servants' meek petition hear,
And look on us with loving Face.¹

Our conscience doth not cease to say
That we offend Thee day by day,
In thought, in word, in deed :
That conscience cleanse from all its sin,
Give peace and purity within,
That from remorse we may be freed.

If Thou disclaim us, who shall give
Our fainting spirit strength to live ?²
'Tis Thine, and Thine Alone to spare ;
Oh, teach us meetly to confess,
Meetly to Thee our vows address,
Meetly to Thee direct our pray'r.

'Tis Thou hast bless'd this solemn Fast ;
So may its days by us be pass'd
In conquest of ourselves severe,
That when the Easter dawn we hail,
Its Mystic Feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience pure and clear.

O Blessed TRINITY, concede
The grace for which we meekly plead,
And seal it to us evermore :

¹ Psalm iv. 7.

² S. John vi. 68.

FATHER, and SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Whom, with the bright Celestial Host,
One GOD Eternal we adore. Amen.

Daniel, i. 182 ; iv. 217.

XXI.

A MORNING HYMN IN LENT.

Audi, benigne Conditor.

S. GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

O MERCIFUL CREATOR, heed¹
The pray'rs with which our tears are blent,²
What time our grief for sin we plead,
In this the sacred Fast of Lent.

Most loving Searcher of the heart,³
Thou knowest us to be but weak ;⁴
The gift of pardon, LORD, impart
To all who turn Thy Face to seek.⁵

Much have we sinn'd, we own with shame ;⁶
Yet spare us who our guilt confess,⁷
And, to the glory of Thy Name,
Thy fainting sons with healing bless.⁸

¹ Exod. xxxiv. 6.

² Psalm vi. 6.

³ Rev. ii. 23 ; Acts i. 24.

⁴ Psalm xxxix. 15.

⁵ Jer. iii. 12.

⁶ Psalm xxxviii. 4.

⁷ Psalm xxxii. 6.

⁸ Psalm vi. 2 ; xli. 4.

Grant us by abstinence to win¹
 Self-conquest, and our lusts to cure,
 That so, from stain of ev'ry sin,²
 Our heart and spirit may be pure.³

Three Persons in One God confess'd,
 With meek and lowly hearts we pray,
 That to Thy servants may be bless'd
 The penance of their fasting-day. Amen.

Daniel, i. 178 ; iv. 121.

XXII.

AN EVENING HYMN IN LENT.

Ecce tempus idoneum.

S. GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

Lo, now is come the fit, accepted time,⁴
 The med'cine of each grievous, wounding crime,
 Wherewith our God we have offended still,⁵
 In secret thought, in word or work of ill.

He in His mercy, and long-suff'ring care,⁶
 His servants hitherto hath deign'd to spare,
 Nor doom'd that we, while yet in sin, should die,
 And in the flames of hell for ever lie.⁷

¹ Rom. viii. 13 ; 1 Cor. ix. 27.

² Eph. v. 27. ³ S. Matt. v. 8.

⁴ 2 Cor. 6, 2.

⁵ S. James iii. 2.

⁶ Joel ii. 13.

⁷ Ezek. xviii. 4 ; S. Mark ix. 43.

Therefore to Him ourselves should we betake,¹
 With fasting, pray'rs and tears our suit to make,
 And by each token of repentance show²
 We crave His grace and pard'ning love to know.

Thus may we all be cleans'd from stain of sin,³
 And Christian virtues grow our hearts within;
 Thus, when our fleeting term on earth is past,
 The Heav'nly Chorus may we join at last.

Blessed be GOD, the FATHER of our LORD,
 Blessed be GOD, the Co-eternal Word,
 Blessed be GOD, the SPIRIT, ever One
 With the dread FATHER and Co-equal SON. Amen.

Daniel, i. 182.

XXIII.

A MORNING HYMN IN LENT.

Clarum decus jejunii.

S. GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

THAT fasting serves a holy end
 To earth by highest Heav'n is shown,⁴
 Since CHRIST's example doth commend
 Its sacred use, as we have known.⁵

In this most solemn exercise
 To Moses erst the Law was giv'n :⁶

¹ Joel ii. 12.

² Dan. iv. 27; Isaiah lviii. 6.

³ Isaiah i. 18; xlv. 22; Acts iii. 19.

⁴ S. Matt. vi. 16.

⁵ S. Matt. iv. 2.

⁶ Deut. ix. 9, 18.

By this Elias fram'd to rise¹
 With fi'ry car and steeds to Heav'n.

In this the prophet saw of old²
 The mystic empires rise and fall ;
 In this to John the Angel told³
 The destin'd end and close of all.

Give now Thy servants grace, O GOD,
 By this to seek eternal wealth ;
 To plant our feet where Saints have trod,⁴
 And find true joy and lasting health.

Grant this, O FATHER, through Thy SON,
 And through the Holy Paraclete,
 The Persons Three, the Godhead One,
 In mystic Unity complete. Amen.

Daniel, i. 178 ; iv. 180.

XXIV.

A MORNING HYMN IN LENT.

Jesu, quadrigenariæ.

S. HILARIUS.

JESU, our Lenten fast of Thee
 We duteous learn to keep,
 A healing time, by Thy decree,
 For all Thy fainting sheep.

¹ 1 Kings xix. 8.

² Dan. ix. 3.

³ Rev. i. 10.

⁴ Heb. xii. 1.

A time by fleshly abstinence
Tow'rds Heav'n to draw more near,
As erst by pamp'ring fleshly sense
We lost its vision clear.¹

Now with Thy Church be present, LORD,
Hear our repentant cry,—
Our pray'rs with tears in sad accord,
And doom us not to die.

Do Thou forgive the guilty past,—
The sin which we deplore,
And round us Thy protection cast,
That we may sin no more.²

So wisely in this Lenten-tide
May we our days employ,
As for our Easter to provide
A pure and hopeful joy.

Grant this, O FATHER, through Thy SON,
And through the Paraclete,
The Persons Three, the Godhead One,
In Unity complete. Amen.

Daniel, i. 5 ; iv. 176.

S. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, A.D. 355, deceased A.D. 36 .
From him the Sarum Hymnal derives two Hymns ; the above,
and the *Beata nobis gaudia* at Pentecost.

¹ Gen. iii. 7.

² S. John v. 14 ; viii. 11.

XXV.

A MORNING HYMN FOR PASSION
SUNDAY.*Pange, lingua, gloriosi Prælium.*

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS.

SING, my tongue, the war of glory,
 Raise a noble triumph strain ;
 Tell of CHRIST in solemn story,
 Lifted on the Cross of pain ;
 Tell how, in the battle gory,
 He the victor's palm did gain.

CHRIST, for Adam's ruin grieving,
 Through the dire, forbidden tree,
 Restoration long conceiving,
 Came to set His people free ;
 And, His Death our loss retrieving,
 Wood atone for wood we see.

Thus alone from reprobation,
 Mortals might their ransom know ;
 Thus alone CHRIST's Incarnation
 Might defeat our subtle Foe ;
 Thence might bring us our salvation,
 Whence the Tempter wrought our woe.

When th' appointed time was nearing
 Of the FATHER's high decree,
 CHRIST, with boundless love endearing,
 Came our Sacrifice to be ;
 From the Virgin's womb appearing,
 Fashion'd in the flesh as we.

To the highest praises soaring,
 Of the FATHER and the SON,
 And the HOLY GHOST adoring,
 Laud we still the Three in One ;
 Glory, honour, worship, pouring
 While unending ages run. Amen.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SAME.

Lustra sex Qui jam peracta.

THIRTY years e'en now fulfilling
 In the flesh with grief and pain,
 CHRIST, His flock's redemption willing,
 Gives Himself our life to gain ;
 On the Cross, with terror thrilling,
 See the LAMB of GOD is slain.

Hither, sinners, hither turn ye,
 See the nails, the reed, the spear,
 JESU's Sacred Wounds discern ye,
 See what wondrous love is here ;

In His Blood and Water learn ye,
All it costs your guilt to clear.

Faithful Cross, thou Tree of blessing,
In unearthly beauty grown,
Healing leaf and fruit possessing,
Thee the tree of trees we own ;
That sweet burthen aye confessing,
Thou didst bear, and thou alone.

Lofty tree, a place preparing
For the SAVIOUR, softly bend ;
Let thy arms, that burthen bearing,
Now the King of Heaven befriend ;
That dear Body gently sparing,
Till His sorrows have an end.

Thee alone our God erected,
Man's redemption to sustain ;
That a haven, safe protected,
All the shipwreck'd world might gain ;
Blood anointing His elected,
From the LAMB upon thee slain.

To the highest praises soaring, &c. Amen.

Daniel, i. 163 ; iv. 87, 353.

Until the versions given in these pages were finished I had never seen the "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences, translated by the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College. 1851." He also has rendered the *Pangelingua* ; *Gloria, laus et honor*, and

six or seven other pieces which I have attempted ; but I am glad to find that in some of his most successful versions I do not come into competition with him. It were useless even for more practised versifiers than myself to take in hand the *Vexilla Regis*, *Jucundare plebs fidelis*, or above all, the *Hic breve vivitur*, with any hope of producing more happy and elegant translations. The cause of Hymnology is very greatly indebted to this accomplished scholar ; witness the little book I have referred to, *The Hymnal Noted*, which bears so many traces of his hand, the *Dissertation* with which he has enriched the last volume of Daniel's Thesaurus, and his *Essays* on the subject, contributed to the "Christian Remembrancer."

Venantius Fortunatus, born A.D. 530, deceased A.D. 609, being at the time Bishop of Poitiers.

XXVI.

A HYMN FOR PALM SUNDAY.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

S. THEODULPHUS.

Chorus.

GLORY, praise and honour be,
CHRIST, Redeemer, King, to Thee ;
Whom the children, pressing near,
Worshipp'd in Hosannas clear.

V. We own Thee Israel's King, with them,
The Royal Branch of David's stem ;
Thou blessed King, Who com'st to claim
The kingdoms in the LORD's Own Name.

R. Glory, praise, and honour.

V. To Thee the Heav'nly host on high
With songs of glory ceaseless cry ;
While mortal men their tribute raise,
And ev'ry creature adds its praise.

R. Glory, praise, and honour.

V. With banners of the palm, this day,
Thy people met Thee on Thy way ;
But we with hymn, and pray'r, and vow
Approach Thy Sacred Presence now.

R. Glory, praise, and honour.

V. They met Thee, as Thine hour drew nigh
To bear the bitter Cross and die ;
But we address our joyful strain
To Thee Who now in Heav'n dost reign.

R. Glory, praise, and honour.

V. Their zeal did Thine acceptance move,
May we Thine equal favour prove ;
Thou King of good and grace and light,
Who in all goodness dost delight.

Chorus.

Glory, praise, and honour be,
CHRIST, Redeemer, King, to Thee ;
Whom the children, pressing near,
Worshipp'd in Hosannas clear. Amen.

Daniel, i. 215 ; iv. 158.

S. Theodulph of Orleans, deceased A.D. 821.

XXVII.

A PENITENTIAL OUTPOURING.

ONCE more I come before Thy Throne,
My oft offended God ;
Once more my grievous guilt I own,
And seek Thy chast'ning rod.

Ah, day by day my soul grows faint,
As conscience counts its stains ;
And day by day it makes its plaint
Of Satan's galling chains.

It knows full well the just decree
Of endless death for sin ;
It craves, my God, to fly to Thee,
And Thy forgiveness win.

It loathes the passions which I feed,
The lusts which I obey ;
It sees the end to which they lead,
Adown destruction's way ;

And, startled at the fearful view,
It prompts my frequent pray'r,
That wrath to my transgressions due
Thy mercy still may spare.

It moves me oft my guilt to plead
At strict confession's seat,
And plan to set with greater heed
In holier paths my feet.

Alas, each well-intended plan
Soon yields to habit's force,
My sin still drives me, wretched man,
Along my former course ;

And still my plans and pray'rs, I own,
That with fresh guilt I mock ;
Oh, *canst* Thou, GOD, the crimes condone,
Which thus my conscience shock ?

Yes, sev'n times sev'nty times wilt Thou
My guilt of sin remit,
If meekly 'neath Thy rod I bow,
And strive my sin to quit.

Then let me play a truer part
Before Thee, LORD, Most High ;
Resist my lusts with all my heart,
Or from them timely fly.

And let me not consent again
To word or work of ill,
But shape my ev'ry act with pain
To Thy all-holy will.

So may I shame the faith no more,
My ready lips profess,
Nor yield to guilt which I deplore,
And works me deep distress.

But let me, as CHRIST's soldier, fight
The fight of true renown,
Fearless and blameless in Thy sight,
To win the soldier's crown.

Direct, support me, LORD, through all,
And keep me wholly Thine,
And grant me, freed from earthly thrall,
In endless light to shine. Amen.

XXVIII.

AN EASTER HYMN.

Surrexit Christus hodie.

ANON.

Lo! CHRIST is ris'n this day, and brings
To mortals healing on His wings. Alleluia.

But two days since He deign'd to die,
That we no more in death might lie. Alleluia.

To JESU's tomb, with duteous feet,
The women take their spices sweet. Alleluia.

They seek, within the guarded grave,
The LORD Who died mankind to save. Alleluia.

An angel, clad in robe of white,
Tells them the tidings of delight: Alleluia.

Ye trembling daughters, do not fear!
Ye seek the CHRIST, He is not here; Alleluia.

Go, bid the glad disciples see
Their risen LORD in Galilee. Alleluia.

To Peter first, and then the rest,
He shows Himself, by all confess'd. Alleluia.

This time of holy Paschal joy
In hymns to CHRIST let all employ. Alleluia.

High glory to the LORD ascend,
Who thus the chains of death doth rend. Alleluia.

The HOLY TRINITY be prais'd,
Glad thanks to GOD Almighty rais'd. Alleluia.

Amen.

Daniel, i. 341; iv. 232. Compare Hymns XVI. and XXXIII.
in the present volume.

XXIX.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Plaudite cæli.

ANON.

BREAK forth into singing,
 Ye heavens above ;
 Ye skies join your voices,
 In concert of love ;
 Thou earth from each high hill,
 Each lowliest vale,
 Haste ! spread the glad tidings
 On every gale :
 The night storm is over,
 So dark and so drear ;
 The morning of triumph
 Is shining forth clear.

Burst forth into blossom,
 Ye flowers of spring ;
 Ye herbs of the meadows
 Your sweet incense bring ;
 Ye violets purple,
 Red roses betwixt ;
 Ye lilies of silver,
 With marigolds mix'd ;
 Come, all that is lovely
 In colour or scent,

In one act of worship
Your graces be blent.

Run on, ye glad verses,
With full-flowing vein ;
Ye dull earthly powers,
Attempt a glad strain ;
For JESUS hath risen,
As erst He had said,
And open'd for ever
The gates of the dead.
Oh, sing Alleluia,
And shout yet again
A loud Alleluia,
For JESUS doth reign.

Exalt your glad voices,
Ye mountains on high ;
Ye fountains, flow onward,
With jubilant cry ;
Ye valleys, upraise ye
The Conqueror's song,
Ye hills everlasting,
The echoes prolong.
For JESUS hath risen,
As erst He had said ;
And open'd for ever
The gates of the dead.

XXX.

AN EASTER CAROL.

*Alleluia, alleluia !**Finita jam sunt prælia.*

ANON.

ALLELUIA, alleluia !

For the battle now is o'er,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Peace in triumph reigns once more.

Alleluia, alleluia !

See ! the victory is won,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Joy and singing be begun.

Alleluia, alleluia !

Far the gladsome tidings tell,

Alleluia, alleluia !

CHRIST hath conquered Death and Hell.

Alleluia, alleluia !

Let us now in Him rejoice,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Sweetly blending heart and voice.

Alleluia, alleluia !

On the third day CHRIST doth rise,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Gracious as the morning skies.

Alleluia, alleluia !

He the Sun of Righteousness,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Let our songs His Name confess.

Alleluia, alleluia !

Death within its gates is chain'd,

Alleluia, alleluia !

And a path to heaven gain'd ;

Alleluia, alleluia !

May we shun the downward way,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Pressing upward day by day.

Alleluia, alleluia !

JESU, by Thy wounds, in love,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Fit us for the life above.

Alleluia, alleluia !

This shall be our endless song,

Alleluia, alleluia !

Through the ages all along. Amen.

Daniel, ii. 363.

XXXI.

AN EVENING HYMN FOR LOW
SUNDAY.*Chorus novæ Hierusalem.*

B. FULBERTUS CARNOTENSIS.

SING, New Jerusalem !
 Let thy glad choir
 Pour the new melody
 Love doth inspire.
 High raise the Paschal song,
 Sweet be thy voice and strong,
 Still the pure strain prolong,
 JESUS is ris'n.

Sing Judah's Lion, Who
 Unconquer'd reigns ;
 He hath the Serpent spoil'd
 Bursting his chains !
 Lo, the dead great and small
 He from the grave doth call,
 Breaking their cruel thrall ;
 JESUS is ris'n.

Hell doth the prey restore,
 At His dread Voice,
 Ruthlessly seiz'd before ;
 Hear them rejoice !

Hear their glad victor song,
 As, in procession long,
 After their LORD they throng :
 JESUS is ris'n.

Sing ye His triumph high,
 Worthy is He ;
 One country earth and heav'n
 Makes He to be.
 Him we pray while we sing,
 That us, who own Him King,
 He to His Courts will bring ;
 JESUS is ris'n.

So through the ages all
 Still shall ascend
 Praise, which with Angels we
 Ever would blend :
 Praise to the FATHER done,
 Who with the only SON,
 And SPIRIT, reigneth One,
 World without end. Amen.

Daniel, i. 222.

B. Fulbert, of Chartres, deceased A.D. 1029.

I have imitated in this and some other translations the metre of a Hymn very popular among Dissenters, and derived, I believe, from Wesley. It may be new to many of my readers, and an acceptable song amid my own versings.

There is a happy land
 Far, far away,
 Where Saints made perfect stand
 In bright array ;

Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Striking the golden string ;
“ Glory to CHRIST our King,”
Through endless day.

See how they shine in white,
That blessed throng !
Hear how the Angels bright
Join in the song !

Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Striking the golden string ;
“ Glory to CHRIST our King,”
Through endless day.

“ Worthy the LAMB,” they cry :
“ To be ador’d,
Lift up your voices high !
Crown, crown Him, LORD !”

Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Striking the golden string ;
“ Glory to CHRIST our King,”
Through endless day.

Sing of His bleeding love,—
For sinners slain,
Sing how He reigns above !
High swell the strain !

Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Striking the golden string ;
“ Glory to CHRIST our King,”
Through endless day.

Oh, may we reach that land,
Far, far away,
And join that glorious band,
In bright array.
Then shall we joyful sing,
Till heav’n’s high arches ring ;
“ Glory to CHRIST our King,”
Through endless day.

Wesley, notwithstanding his many un-protestant leanings, (or the Wesleyan poet whoever he were), will hardly be thought to have plagiarised from the following pseudo-Ambrosian hymn.

Beata excelsa regio !
Ad te procul jam tendimus,
Qua Sancti, DEUM videntes,
Non defecturi permanent.

En dulcis cantus resonat,
Et citharizant perpetim,
Canentes laudes DOMINO,
Nec ibi nox incubuit.

Adstant frequentes cœlici,
Stolis promicantes albis,
Dum concinentes Angeli
Novo decertant cantico.

AGNUM venerantur DEI,
Sibi clamantes invicem,
Regem Cœlestem prædicant,
Cujus non regni erit finis.

Hic AGNUS Immolatus est,
Peccatum mundi Qui tollat,
Nunc sedet ad dextram PATRIS,
Et cuncta CHRISTO inserviunt.

JESU, attolle nos illuc,
Ad Te olim sitivimus,
Ut per æterna secula
Tibi canamus gloriam.

XXXII.

AN ASCENSION HYMN.

AT COMPLINE, AND IN THE MORNING.

Jesu nostra Redemptio.

S. AMBROSIVS.

JESU, Redemption dear !
 Our Longing and our Love,
 GOD—Maker of all things, and Man—
 Late coming from above.

Great was the love which weigh'd
 With Thee, to bear our sin,
 And meet for us a cruel death,
 Our rise from death to win.

Thy captives Thou hast brought,
 Redeem'd from hell's dark pit ;
 And at the FATHER's high Right Hand,
 In triumph now dost sit.

Oh, may Thy love yet work
 To conquer all our ill,
 And cause Thy likeness pure and bright
 Thy servants' souls to fill.

Be Thou our only Joy,
 Who our Reward shalt be ;

Teach us to make our only boast
In life and death of Thee.

Glory to Thee, dear LORD,
Ascending o'er the skies,
The FATHER, and the HOLY GHOST,
Through endless ages rise. Amen.

Daniel, i. 63; iv. 78.

XXXIII.

AN ASCENSION HYMN.

Cælos ascendit hodie. Alleluia.

ANON.

THE King of Glory, CHRIST Most High, Alleluia.
Ascends this day above the sky. Alleluia.

At God's Right Hand for evermore, Alleluia,
He sits, while Heav'n and earth adore. Alleluia.

Fulfill'd is David's mystic strain, Alleluia,
Who sang MESSIAH'S boundless reign. Alleluia.

I set my King on Sion's hill, Alleluia,
The utmost earth shall do His will. Alleluia.

In this our day of highest joy, Alleluia,
Be hymns to CHRIST our glad employ. Alleluia.

Those hymns with angel songs we blend, Alleluia.
 Dear LORD, Who dost to heav'n ascend. Alleluia.

The HOLY TRINITY be prais'd, Alleluia,
 Glad thanks to GOD Almighty rais'd. Alleluia.

Daniel, i. 343. Compare Hymns XVI. and XXVIII.

XXXIV.

A MORNING HYMN

FOR THE FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

O Pater Sancte, Mitis atque Piè.

ANON.

FATHER Most Holy, merciful and loving,
 JESUS, the CHRIST, the SON for ever worshipp'd,
 SPIRIT of Both, the COMFORTER, proceeding,
 GOD the Eternal;

TRINITY holy, Unity enduring,
 DEITY very, goodness all-pervading,
 Light of the Angels, safety of the orphans,
 Hope of all creatures;

All Thou hast fashion'd serve Thy sacred purpose,
 All Thy creation gives Thee ceaseless praises,
 We too, Thy servants, sing to Thee devoutly;
 Hear us, we pray Thee.

Glory to Thee, Omnipotent Creator,
 God the Triune, the Great, and High-exalted,
 Thine is the praise, the honour, and the glory,
 Now and for ever. Amen.

Daniel, i. 263; iv. 270.

XXXV.

A MORNING HYMN

WHEN THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI IS KEPT.

*Pange lingua gloriosi
 Corporis.*

S. THOMAS AQUINAS.

MY tongue, the mystic doctrine sing,
 Of CHRIST our SAVIOUR, Priest, and King,
 The Body Which for us He gave,
 The Blood He pour'd our souls to save,
 The Flesh and Blood of Mary's SON,
 Both GOD and Man, and yet but One.

He, giv'n for us, and for us born,
 The Virgin Mother did not scorn;
 Awhile He tarried with His own,
 And, when His seed, the word, was sown,
 No longer willing to delay,
 In wondrous sort He clos'd His stay.

At Supper, on His last dread night,
Fulfill'd was ev'ry legal rite ;
Then, sitting 'mid His brethren's band,
Himself He gave with bounteous hand,
(Oh, Truth to which we fain would soar,)
To be their Food for evermore.

The Word made Flesh, His Flesh doth make
True Bread, by that the word He spake,
The Blood of CHRIST is render'd Wine ;
And though the feeble sense decline,
To reach this Truth, yet hearts sincere
Through Faith alone behold it clear.

We, therefore, prostrate, would adore,
This mighty Sacrament before ;
The ancient type shall yield its place
To this new rite of highest grace ;
And Faith the evidence supply,
Wherever fails the sense or eye.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Let all that live unceasing raise
The highest tribute of their praise ;
High glory, honour, worship, be
For ever Thine, Bless'd One in Three. Amen.

Daniel, i. 251.

In the translations given in this little book, I have not made it

a rule to retain the metre and rhymes of the originals. To do this in all cases, is to bind oneself with chains which preclude the hope of making free and spirited versions. In some instances doubtless, this may be done, in others it seems quite impossible. The present hymn is to the point. Mr. Neale, who has sucked the sweets of all previous translators, has given it to us with the thrice repeated rhymes of the Latin, and, though he has achieved all the success which such trammels will allow, yet the result is hardly satisfactory. I have myself adopted nothing more ambitious than Long Measure, being anxious rather to render the words of "the Angelic Doctor" accurately, than to imitate his metre. The dogmatic character of his hymn makes strict attention to the language necessary. Whether this result be more satisfactory is a different matter.

In the case of the former *Pange lingua* I have retained the old metre, and (perversely enough, it may be said,) added rhymes which do not belong to it. I confess that I have thus produced rather a paraphrase than a strict translation; yet the subject seemed more readily to admit this treatment, and to give it promise of success. Whatever may be thought of the versions I have brought out, I have aimed at presenting their originals through them in such form, as might, I thought, be most conducive to their acceptance at the present day.

It will be seen that I render the beginning of the fourth stanza differently from Mr. Neale and others, and I believe more accurately.

S. Thomas of Aquino, b. A.D. 1226, d. March 7, 1274.

XXXVI.

A HYMN AT THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Adoro Te devote latens Deitas.

S. THOMAS AQUINAS.

DEVOUTLY I adore Thee, God in figures veil'd,
 And truly present here, though faith alone may
 see ;
 LORD, in Thy contemplation all my heart hath
 fail'd,
 And I would yield it up, dear SAVIOUR, unto
 Thee.

My sight, my taste, my feeling, all alike deceive,
 And but my hearing only doth not mock me now;
 For that which Thou didst speak, my LORD, I must
 believe,
 And nothing truer than Thy word will I allow.

SAVIOUR, on Thy dread Cross, Thy Godhead Thou
 didst hide,
 And here Thy Manhood, JESU, may not be dis-
 cern'd ;
 Yet here and there alike both Natures still abide,
 And from the Thief repentant I my pray'r have
 learn'd.

Thy Sacred Wounds, with Thomas, I may not behold,

Yet Thee my LORD and GOD, I ever will confess ;
Oh, let me grow in faith from day to day more bold,
And with fresh hope and love Thy servant deign
to bless.

Ah, dear remembrance of the SAVIOUR'S precious
Death,

Thou Heav'nly Bread of Life, which Life to man
dost give,
Let Thy sweet-smelling savour cleanse my inmost
breath,

And quicken all my heart to Thee alone to live.

O Thou, of Whom the pious bird is type, I crave
That Thou wilt wash me, JESU, in Thy cleansing
Blood,

One drop whereof hath pow'r the whole wide world
to save,

And bear the ransom'd nations on its crimson
Flood.

O JESU, I behold Thee hid in figures here,
And pray that Thou wilt grant the gift for which
I burn ;

That in the Heav'nly light, where vision all is clear,
Thy bright and glorious Face unveil'd I may discern. Amen.

Daniel, i. 255 ; iv. 234.

XXXVII.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE
DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.*Urbs beata Hierusalem.*

ANON.

Evening.

O JERUSALEM, the bless'd,
 Vision fair of peace and rest,
 City of the Heav'nly Land,
 Rear'd of living stones to stand,
 Crown'd with holy Angels bright,
 Bride of CHRIST in virgin-white ;

Coming down from Heav'n above,
 For the chamber of thy Love,
 Deck'd in royal marriage show,
 All His sweetness may'st thou know ;
 We meanwhile, thy walls behold,
 And thy streets of living gold.

Pearls o'er ev'ry gateway shine,
 Open stands each inner shrine,
 Thither enter all who now
 'Neath the yoke of JESUS bow,
 Bear and suffer for His sake,
 Of His Cross and Death partake.

Ev'ry stone by blows is squar'd,
 By the hammer rude prepar'd,
 Fitted each its place to fill,
 By the workman's hand and skill,
 Fix'd where it may aye remain ;
 And the sacred walls sustain.

Glory be to GOD Most High,
 Glory, honour, still we cry,
 To the FATHER and the SON,
 With the SPIRIT ever One ;
 Glory, honour, power and praise,
 Through the endless heav'nly days. Amen.

Daniel, i. 239 ; iv. 193. Trench, lxviii.

A fine translation of this hymn will be found among the Divine Poems of William Drummond, of Hawthornden, 1585—1649.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SAME.

Angulare Fundamentum.

Morning.

CHRIST the Corner-stone is made,
 And the sure Foundation laid,
 Wall with wall His strength connects,
 Stone on stone His grace erects ;
 Holy Sion Him receives,
 Standing firm while she believes.

GOD doth love our Sion's walls,
 Well doth love her streets and halls ;
 All those streets resound His song,
 All those halls His Name prolong,
 Fervent is the hymn of praise
 To the Triune GOD they raise.

In this Temple, GOD most high,
 When Thy people call, draw nigh,
 And with kind and loving care,
 Hear their vows, perform their pray'r ;
 Largely, LORD, Thy Blessing pour
 On this House for evermore.

Here may all Thy people find
 That they ask with fervent mind,
 And the blessings which they gain
 Ever with Thy Saints retain ;
 Taken to their endless rest,
 In the kingdom of the bless'd.

Glory be to GOD most high, &c.

Amen.

The last two preceding hymns are formed by the division of one which is assigned to the eighth or ninth century. In the former, we have presented to us the Church Triumphant, under the name Jerusalem ; in the latter, we have the Church Militant, under the name Sion. Durandus, (quoted by Dean Trench, *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 293), explains the distinction : *Dicitur enim præsens Ecclesia Syon, eo quod ab hac peregrinatione longe posita promissionem rerum cœlestium speculatur ; et ideo Syon,*

est, *speculatio*, nomen accepit. Pro futura vero patria et pace Hierusalem vocatur; nam Hierusalem *pacis visio* interpretatur. Durandus also shows how the prevailing thought in the building and the dedication of a church, with the rites thereto appertaining, was to carry up men's thoughts from that temple built with hands, which was before their eyes, to that other built of living stones in Heaven, of which this was but a weak shadow."

XXXVIII.

A HYMN FOR THE FESTIVAL OF A
MARTYR.

Deus Tuorum militum.

S. AMBROSIIUS.

God, of Thy soldiers
 The Portion Eternal,
 Crown never-fading,
 And glory supernal;
 Thee for Thy martyr,
 Behold us adoring;
 And for true courage
 Now hear us imploring.

Worthless he reckon'd
 Earth's loveliest treasures,
 Empty or hurtful
 Life's costliest pleasures;
 Looking to Heaven
 He spurn'd their alluring,
 Bent on one purpose—
 Its bright courts securing.

Bravely he suffer'd
 With manly persistence,
 Valuing lightly
 His mortal existence ;
 Death, 'mid revilings
 And tortures, disdaining,
 Favour eternal
 Through hope of attaining.

Teach us, O FATHER,
 The like holy boldness,
 Zeal for Thy kingdom,
 And tow'rds the earth coldness ;
 Teach us, O SAVIOUR,
 As he, to confess Thee,
 Winning revilers
 To worship and bless Thee ;

Teach us, O SPIRIT,
 Thy mind and Thy graces,
 Raising us wholly
 To heavenly places ;
 There in Thy presence,
 Where joys shall cease never,
 GOD in Three Persons,
 May we be for ever. Amen.

XXXIX.

A HYMN FOR THE FESTIVAL OF
MARTYRS.*Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.*

ANON.

THE wondrous joys which crown the saints,
No mortal language fitly paints ;
And weakly, at the best, we sing
Their faithful warfare for their King.

They, in the flesh, by men were spurn'd,
Because from fleshly lures they turn'd,
The barren flow'rs of earth forsook,
And after CHRIST their journey took.

For Thee, Good King, men's rage they bore,
And cruel spite :—the hook that tore,
The lash that cut their bleeding frame,
Yet never might their ardour tame.

Cut down, like helpless sheep they lie,
No murmur theirs, or coward cry,
But still, with inward quietness,
In patience they their souls possess.

What tongue may now the gifts declare
Thou for Thy Martyrs dost prepare ;
Bright as the blood they dar'd to pour,
Their crowns shine forth for evermore.

O GOD, Most Mighty, Three in One,
 We pray Thee, ere our race be run,
 Wash out our stains, our sins forgive,
 That we with all Thy Saints may live. Amen.

Daniel, i. 203 ; iv. 139.

XL.

A HYMN FOR A VIRGIN SAINT'S DAY.

Jesu, Corona virginum.

S. AMBROSIVS.

JESU, the Virgin's Crown,¹
 In love look down,
 And hear our pray'r from high ;
 Thou Only Virgin-born,
 Who thought'st no scorn
 In Mary's womb to lie.

Round Thee, in purest band,
 The Virgins stand,—
 Thy garden-lilies white ;²
 They from their Bridegroom's Face
 Reflect each grace,
 And shine with heav'nly light.

¹ The name Crown, so often given to CHRIST, (as Crown of the Apostles, Crown of the Martyrs, and the like,) is derived from Isaiah xxviii. 5.

² Song of Solomon, vi. 2, 3.

Where'er Thy splendours burn,
To Thee they turn,
And ceaselessly adore ;
To Thee their sweets they bring,
To Thee they sing,—
Thy Brides for evermore.

O Virgin-King, we pray,
Cleanse us this day,
That we Thy Face may see ;
Wash out each fleshly stain,
Till none remain
To keep us back from Thee.

To GOD the FATHER raise
High notes of praise,
Like praise to GOD the SON ;
To GOD the Paraclete,
As ever meet,
Like praise by all be done. Amen.

Daniel, i. 112 ; iv. 140, 368.

XLI.

A HYMN FOR S. ANDREW'S DAY.

WHO is he hath seen the SAVIOUR ?
Follow'd to His sacred roof,
Tarried with Him, of His gracious
Love and sweetness making proof ?

Who is he hath heard the SAVIOUR?
Drinking in, with greedy ear,
Words no teacher else hath spoken,
Hope to raise, and banish fear?

Who is he hath found the SAVIOUR?
Given Him his duteous heart,
Join'd him to His true disciples,
Chosen firm the better part?

Let him quickly seek his brother,
Where he spends the darksome night,
Rouse him with a loving summons,
Tell him of the Dawn of Light.

Let him quickly win his brother,
From the gloom with danger rife,
Teach him: "We have found MESSIAS—
Come and see the LORD of life."

Let him quickly bring his brother,
With a steady, gentle hand,
Never leave nor cease to guide him,
Till before the CHRIST he stand.

Freely give him then to JESUS,
Nor account it grief or shame,
Though he win a place above thee,
Call'd to bear a higher name.

Ye are brothers more than ever,
 Not in flesh, but in the LORD,
 See ye strive that, both together,
 Ye may win your high reward.

Thine be all the praise, O FATHER,
 Thine the praise, Co-equal SON,
 Thine the praise, Eternal SPIRIT,
 One in Three, and Three in One. Amen.

The majority of our modern Hymn Books are deficient in the *Proprium Sanctorum*, and the ancient Hymnals do not here help us much. The latter contain under this head little beyond Invocations of the Saints. Thus the Sarum Hymnal gives for the Festivals of the Apostles a verse each, such as the following :

Andrea pie, Sanctorum mitissime,
 Obtine nobis orantibus veniam,
 Et qui gravamur sarcina peccaminum,
 Subleva tuis intercessionibus.

And after this beginning comes the Hymn from the *Commune* :

Annue CHRISTE, seculorum DOMINE,
 Nobis, per hujus Tibi cara merita,
 Ut quæ Te coram graviter deliquimus,
 Hujus salvantur gloriosis precibus.

This occurs at Vespers. In the Hymn at Lauds we read :

Vos secli justi iudices
 Et vera mundi lumina,
 Votis precamur cordium,
 Audite preces supplicum.

Such materials assist us but little at the present day.

The present writer has from time to time composed Hymns for the several Red Letter Saints' Days in the English Calendar.

After dealing with such excellent originals as those which he has attempted to render in the present volume, it will not perhaps be thought arrogant in him to say that the writing of new Hymns seems an easier task than the satisfactory translation of the old. In translating, one must always feel the inferiority of the version to the original. In writing new Hymns no such comparison immediately obtrudes itself. Nevertheless the writer is not unaware of the disadvantages under which any fresh compositions must lie, when placed beside even the baldest renderings of the ancient songs of the Church. In spite of this, however, he introduces several of his own new productions in this place. Such verses, it may be said, will not suffer by juxtaposition with such translations.

XLII.

A HYMN FOR S. THOMAS' DAY.

WE did not see with fleshly eyes,
The Sun of Righteousness arise,
We did not feel His quick'ning ray ;
When first He brought the gladsome day ;
And now a cloud, from human sight,
Hath hid the Source of life and light.

No more the landscape shines with gold,
Each earthly scene is gray and cold ;
The world's false lamps are lit meanwhile,
Unwary pilgrims to beguile ;
And as with lurid glare they burn,
Men mock our hope of CHRIST's return.

LORD, grant us, through all clouds, to trace,
The beaming splendour of Thy Face,
In light, no man hath reach'd, conceal'd,
Unseen, and yet to faith reveal'd ;
By kindly influences shown,
And mighty workings all Thine own.

We have not seen Thee, SAVIOUR dear,
Yet feel that Thou art ever near ;
Thy Word as very truth receive,
Thy promises most sure believe ;
Do Thou our stedfast faith increase,
And in believing grant us peace.

We have not seen Thee, SAVIOUR high,
Yet Thine we are to live and die ;
Bless'd JESU, may we ne'er forget
On Whom our brightest hopes are set,
But ever look alone to Thee,
That where Thou dwell'st our heart may be.

We have not seen Thee, SAVIOUR meek,
Yet we believe, as prophets speak,
That Thou shalt come as Judge of men,
And ev'ry eye shall see Thee then,
They too who pierc'd, revil'd, denied,
And cast Thy proffer'd love aside.

We have not seen Thee, GOD and LORD,
Yet this shall be our high reward,

E'en if on earth Thy Truth we own,
 In Heav'n to know as we are known,
 To see the Very Source of Light
 Shine cloudless on the chasten'd sight.

All glory, honour, blessing, praise,
 FATHER supreme, to Thee we raise;
 All glory to the Only SON,
 With FATHER, and with SPIRIT One;
 All glory to the Paraclete,
 As was, and is, and shall be meet. Amen.

XLIII.

A HYMN FOR S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

Sancte Dei pretiose.

ANON.

AN ADAPTATION.

FIRST martyr, Stephen! this is he
 A saint of GOD most dear,
 On ev'ry side by love upheld
 To conquer pain and fear;
 Who praying for his bitter foes,
 Did win the LORD to hear.

Oh, may we learn the pow'r of pray'r,
 By one for other made,

And give and ask with fervent love
This true, fraternal aid;
Since Paul doth show that not in vain
For Saul the martyr pray'd.

Glory and honour evermore,
Dread FATHER, unto Thee,
And to the SON, and Comforter,
One GOD in Persons Three;
Thine, through the ages all along,
This ceaseless praise shall be. Amen.

Daniel, i. 241; iv. 177.

XLIV.

A HYMN FOR S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

WE marvel at the record old
Of martyrs, in endurance bold,
Who dar'd all tortures to defy,
And for the faith of CHRIST to die;
We marvel that to feeble men,
Such mighty strength was given then;
And oft may wish our lot had been
Such days of triumph to have seen.

Ah, idle thought! for who can tell,
But he had fall'n where others fell;

Had lack'd the persevering grace,
To run so hard and swift a race ;
To bear with taunts, reproach, and blame,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame ;
Had swerv'd from 'neath the bitter rod,
Renounc'd his faith, disown'd his GOD.

It was no easy task and light,
To quit all worldly prospects bright,
To give up parent, wife, or child,
The home where peace and plenty smil'd,
And choose a life of want instead ;
No place to lay the weary head,
No friend to cheer the anxious heart,
Or ease the wounded body's smart.

We have our homes, our friends, our ease,
And grudge to spare the least of these,
And but too seldom learn and know
A single pleasure to forego ;
Half-tied at least to worldly life,
Its gains and joys, its cares and strife,
Lukewarm, unreal, weak of will,
Who talk of good, yet work with ill.

No martyr's crown is set for us,
Who trifle with our calling thus,
Who conquer not in little things,
Nor exercise our feeble wings ;

And yet that crown might still be won,
Would we with greater boldness run,
Subdue the fleshly lusts within,
And daily die to self and sin.

LORD, of Thy grace to us impart,
That we may strive with truer heart,
More bravely press towards our prize,
Daily to higher efforts rise ;
And if in love Thou dost ordain,
That for Thy truth we suffer pain,
May we through all look up to Thee,
Nor fail Thy cloudless Face to see.

JESU, may we indeed proclaim
Our stedfast faith in Thy dear Name,
Thy doctrine by our lips confess,
And teach the Creed our lips profess ;
So may we meetly skill to raise
The ceaseless song of highest praise,
Adoring, with the heav'nly host,
Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

XLV.

A HYMN FOR S. JOHN EVANGELIST'S
DAY.

O'ER the lov'd disciple's head
 Full a hundred years had fled ;
 Feeble was he now, and bent,
 All his manly vigour spent ;
 Yet a sweet and youthful grace
 Brighten'd still his gentle face ;
 In his eye, so pure and mild,
 Still was seen the little child.

Scarcely now his lips could frame
 Words beyond the Holy Name,
 But his heart within him burn'd,
 But his fervent spirit yearn'd,
 Still to teach the holy love,
 Kindled in him from above.
 Still its peace and joy commend
 To his life's extremest end.

" *Little children,*" thus with pain,
 Spake he o'er and o'er again,
 " *One another love,* I say,
One another love, I pray,
One another love, and still
 Thus the royal law fulfil,
One another love, that so
 Sons of GOD yourselves ye show."

Thus he taught unto the last,
Till his loving spirit pass'd ;
Thus, though dead, he speaketh yet,
May we ne'er his words forget ;
Day by day we fain would make
Growth in love, for JESU's sake,
He is love, and bids us be
Perfect in our love, as He.

FATHER, teach us of Thy love,
Brightly beaming from above ;
Only SON, Thy love impart,
Burning to our inmost heart ;
SPIRIT, of Thy fulness give,
That in love we all may live ;
One in Three, and Three in One,
In our love Thy will be done. Amen.

XLVI.

A HYMN FOR THE HOLY INNOCENTS'
DAY.

Salvete flores Martyrum.

PRUDENTIUS.

YE flow'rets of the martyrs, hail !
Who in the very dawn of light,
Like rose-buds 'neath an icy gale,
Fell victims to the tyrant's spite.

The first for JESU's Name to die,
 Pure flock of lambs whom fear doth slay,
 While at the Altar's base ye lie,
 With martyrs' palms and crowns ye play.

The anxious tyrant hears it told,
 That CHRIST the King of kings is near,
 Who rule o'er Israel shall hold,
 Whom David's people shall revere.

A rival comes to seize our reign :—
 This is his instant, madden'd cry ;
 Go, guards, your weapons seize amain,
 His cradle with His life-blood dye.

What profit hath so foul a deed,
 This ruthless wrong to tender age ?
 Alone, where countless infants bleed,
 The CHRIST is sav'd from Herod's rage.

Glory, dear LORD, to Thee we give,
 The Virgin-born, th' Eternal SON,
 Who with the FATHER aye dost live,
 And HOLY GHOST, in Essence One. Amen.

XLVII.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE
CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

WHAT tongue shall raise a fitting lay
Of him whose feast we hold to-day,
Or skill the workings deep to trace
Within his breast of heav'nly grace !

He, long to JESU's Name a foe,
For that dear Name did all forego ;
And to the LORD he once denied,
Most nobly liv'd, most bravely died.

The Teacher of the Gentile world,
CHRIST's shining banner he unfurl'd
In farthest lands, and pour'd its light
Through regions sunk in deepest night.

A preacher of the faith he spurn'd,
With heart and soul to God he turn'd ;
He knows not e'en his former name,
His words, his works, no more the same.

Blind with the light which shines around,
His inward sight now first is found ;
Struck down, his rise thenceforth we trace
His progress in the heav'nly race.

High visions then his calling seal,
And wonders he might ne'er reveal ;
Yet shunn'd he not the truth to preach,
And God's whole counsel still to teach.

The scourge, the rod, he meekly bore,
In labours, stripes, and prisons, more
Than all approved, and faithful shown
'Mid ev'ry grief to mortals known.

Ston'd, shipwreck'd, and the surging wave
A night and day condemn'd to brave ;
In weary watch, in want and cold,
In pain, and sorrows never told.

In perils from his brethren's hand,
In perils from the heathen band,
In perils in the city tried,
The howling waste, the roaring tide.

And still in thought, in work, in pray'r,
The Churches claim'd his ceaseless care ;
And still he heard each brother's call,
And mourn'd, and burn'd, and joy'd with all.

O JESU, weak are we to raise
The fitting tribute of Thy praise.
Who through Thy great Apostle gave
The Gentiles light, to bless and save.

May we his holy doctrine hold,
Safe kept within th' Apostles' fold:
And cleaving to the truth he taught,
To Thine eternal rest be brought.

Almighty FATHER, Equal SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
Grant us, made free from ev'ry stain,
With Thee, and all Thy saints to reign. Amen.

XLVIII.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE
PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

Lætabundus.

S. BERNARDUS CLAREVALLENSIS.

FULL of joy, in sweet accord
Let our choir praise the LORD!
Alleluia!

He Who is the King of kings,
From the spotless Virgin springs;
Deed of wonder!

He Who is the Light of morn,
Deigns of Mary to be born;
Hail His rising!

See, a wond'rous thing is done,
From a star proceeds the Sun
In His splendour.

CHRIST, the Sun of endless day,
Mary, star of purest ray,
Ever Virgin.

As a star sheds forth its light,
So doth Mary give to sight
CHRIST the SAVIOUR.

Of her substance flesh He takes,
Made like us for sinners' sakes.
Made a servant.

Nor the star by light shed forth,
Nor the Virgin by that Birth
Hath defilement.

Now conforms the cedar tall,
To the hyssop on the wall
In our valley.

He—the Word of GOD Most High,
Comes, in flesh of man, to buy
Man's redemption.

So Isaiah sang of old,
So in Synagogue 'twas told,
Yet hath blindness still its hold
Of his people.

If they would not Moses hear,
Or their prophets' songs revere,
They might find a witness clear
Borne by Gentiles.

Hasten, O unhappy race,
To behold your Monarch's Face,
Full of glory and of grace,
Lest ye perish.

Him Whom all your Scriptures show,
Seek ye even now to know,
And before Him kneeling low,
Own your SAVIOUR. Amen.

ANOTHER RENDERING OF THE SAME.

WITH holy gladness full,
Our faithful chorus sings
Its Alleluia—sweetest song,
To CHRIST, the King of kings.

Him doth the Virgin bear,—
(Oh, wonder wrought to bless!)
The Angel of the Covenant,
The Sun of Righteousness.

That Sun which shall not set,
Whose beam for ever shines ;
He is the bright and Morning Star,
The Day Which ne'er declines.

Like as a star its light,
The Virgin gives her Child :
Nor star, nor Virgin, by the birth
Of ray, or Babe defil'd.

In this our vale of tears,
Now bends the cedar tall
Of Libanus, conforming to
The hyssop on the wall.

The Word of God Most High
A human form doth take ;
He bears the body of our flesh,
For our salvation's sake.

O race of Israel,
So ran Isaiah's strain ;
Yet, though thou know'st the truthful words,
Still blind thou dost remain.

More wise were Gentiles e'en,
Did not the Isles confess
They look'd for a Deliverer,
To ransom and to bless.

Unhappy nation, haste !
Believe the witness high ;
Ye chosen people of your God,
Oh, say, why will ye die ?

Behold, and kiss the SON,
Of Whom your prophets sing ;
The Virgin doth conceive and bear,
E'en now adore your King. Amen.

Daniel, ii. 61 ; v. 47.

Mr. Neale remarks that this Hymn was clearly intended for the Feast of Christmas.

S. Bernard was born A.D. 1091, at Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy. He became a monk of Cîteaux, A.D. 1114, and, in the following year, founder of the Abbey of Clairval, of which he was made Abbat. He deceased A.D. 1153.

XLIX.

A HYMN FOR S. MATTHIAS' DAY.

✓ SEARCHER of hearts ! this day with fear
Our Festal chant we raise,
And dread lest rashly we draw near,
Unfit to sing Thy praise :

One cherish'd sin our life may mar,
Our pray'rs and hymns defile
And from Thy favour keep us far,
Though in Thy courts the while.

By one unconquer'd sin, we read,
How an Apostle fell,
Who sold himself, through shameful greed,
The basest slave of hell ;
Nor nearness to his LORD could tame
The passion of his breast,
Nor love, nor hope, nor fear, nor shame,
Its gnawings lull to rest.

Still as that passion grew in strength
Incitement fresh it found ;
Till in its iron chains at length
He was for ever bound ;
No scruple then his breast retain'd
To play the traitor's part,
No pity or remorse remain'd
In his abandon'd heart.

Yet all this while with CHRIST he stay'd,
He heard His words of grace,
Beheld His wonders undismay'd
And look'd upon His Face ;
Himself to highest office nam'd,
Set forth a shining light,

His office high, and trust he sham'd,
And sank in blackest night.

✓ Oh, warning writ for all brought near
To wait at JESU's Hand,
That they may serve with trembling fear,
Nor fall, who think they stand ;
The shepherd that CHRIST's flock doth feed,
And still from day to day
Shall preach to others, much must heed
Lest he be cast away.

✓ Nor may the sheep of JESU's fold
Secure and careless lie,
In self-reliance rashly bold,
As though no harm were nigh ;
Though safe they seem the circling fence—
The earthly Church within,
Yet still hath strength to drag them thence
One unresisted sin.

O FATHER, grant us all the gift
Ourselves in truth to know ;
O SON, the cloak of sin uplift,
Our hidden wounds to show ;
O SPIRIT, burn with sacred fire,
Whate'er disease remains ;
O Three in One, our souls inspire,
Cleanse all our hearts and reins. Amen.

L.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE
ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

ALTERED FROM THE HYMN

Ave maris stella.

ANON.

THE star which o'er the sea
Shines forth most clear and bright,
Less purely shows before the Throne,
Than Mary's Virgin light.

It guides to no glad port
So welcome, so secure,
As He, Whom she first showed to man—
The Virgin Mother pure.

Oh, may that Port receive
Us all to lasting peace,
To rest from ev'ry storm and fear,
In joys which ne'er shall cease.

The pure in heart alone
May look their God to see;
O JESU, grant our hearts be pure,
As Mary's heart with Thee.

Loose us from bands of guilt,
Show us Thy guiding light ;
Fill us with all Thy choicest gifts,
Keep us from works of night.

So shall life's journey prove
A sure safe road to bliss ;
And seeking for our Home through Thee,
That Home we shall not miss.

To GOD the FATHER praise,
All praise to GOD the SON,
All praise to GOD the COMFORTER,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Daniel, i. 204 ; iv. 136.

LI.

A HYMN FOR S. MARK'S DAY.

O FATHER, Who through endless days,
Abidest still the same ;
Whose glory is, and worthy praise,
An ever changeless Name ;
Grant us, O LORD, a stedfast heart,
A manly faith and true ;
To bear a brave, unswerving part,
In all we have to do.

O SON, Who, with unceasing care,
Thy feeble flock dost tend ;
Whose constant purpose faileth ne'er,
Whose truth shall have no end ;
Grant us, O LORD, a stedfast soul,
A fix'd, unwav'ring mind ;
To keep in view the Heav'nly goal,
Where we Thy rest shall find.

O SPIRIT, Whose eternal breath
Nor change nor term can know ;
Who strivest still with sin and death,
To save us from our foe ;
Grant us, O LORD, a spirit knit
In will and work to Thee ;
Once made, may we be ever fit,
Thy Temples pure to be.

O TRINITY, Who wast, and art,
And shalt be evermore ;
Whom heav'n's bright host, with voice and heart,
In ceaseless songs adore ;
Rooted and grounded in Thy truth,
May we therein remain ;
And in Thy strength renew our youth,
Our promis'd Home to gain. Amen.

LII.

A HYMN FOR SS. PHILIP AND
JAMES' DAY.

WHO hath not marked, on Festal Day,
Some long procession's glad array ?
With measur'd state it passes by,
And charms the still unsated eye.

In ceaseless stream pours on the throng,
With sacred chant and joyous song ;
Exultant on its way it wends,
And to the House of GOD ascends.

The foremost bands from sight have pass'd,
Ere they appear who come the last ;
No eye can see th' unbroken line,
Or all its brilliant pomp combine.

With such procession, fair and sweet,
The Church goes forth her LORD to meet,
Thus leads her bright and shining train,
The heights of Zion's hill to gain.

Thus in successive, countless groups,
Still onward press her saintly troops ;
Thus, through their ranks, in order long,
Still ceaseless swells her triumph song.

And some, e'en now, have climb'd the height,
 And pass'd beyond our feeble sight ;
 Have reached that City's golden gate,
 Which crowns the hill with royal state.

Their entrance there they boldly claim,
 In JESU's all-prevailing Name,
 Nor stay, until before the throne,
 They stand confess'd the SAVIOUR's own.

And some have only now begun
 The steep ascent which these have won,
 But follow still with duteous feet,
 Nor dread the noonday dust and heat.

And some are thronging yet behind,
 The narrow way of life to find,
 And, rank on rank, still press until
 The "many mansions" all they fill.

O Thou, of Thy pure Church the Spouse,
 Accept and bless our festal vows ;
 Teach, quicken, lead us all, we pray,
 Dear LORD, the Truth, the Life, the Way.

Oh, make us, as Thy Martyrs, bold,
 Oh, keep us in th' Apostles' fold,
 Oh, lead us where Thy Saints have trod,
 That we, with them, may see our God.

O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Amid the bright, celestial host,
May we, who now Thy Name adore,
Be brought to dwell for evermore. Amen.

LIII.

A HYMN FOR S. BARNABAS' DAY.

WHERE'ER our thoughtful gaze is fix'd
Our brother's lot in life to scan,
Sorrow and pain we find are mix'd
In ev'ry cup held out to man ;
Not one is free, but all have share
In suff'ring keen, or bitter care.

A life of sickness this one spends ;
That groans with cruel want oppress'd ;
One mourns the loss of dearest friends,
And fain would be with them at rest ;
The mass are vex'd with fruitless schemes,
Ambitious hopes, or greedy dreams.

Nor boundless wealth, nor youthful years,
Nor noble rank, nor high employ,
Except from care and grief and tears,
Or give a single cloudless joy ;

On ev'ry brow there falls some shade,
On ev'ry heart some chill is laid.

But oh, how oft might heavy grief
Be lifted from the burthen'd soul,
The anxious heart might find relief,
The wounded spirit be made whole ;
Would we our brother's pain but share,
And one another's burthens bear.

'Tis Christian work, we well may know,
A neighbour's sorrow to partake ;
Our love by sympathy to show,—
Our active love for JESU's sake ;
At ev'ry call of woe to move,
And " sons of consolation " prove.

The Saint whose Feast we keep to-day,
Thus won a lasting, high renown,
And lit with yet another ray,
The glories of the Martyrs' Crown ;
With love for all his heart o'erflow'd,
With gen'rous heat his bosom glow'd.

His own to feed the poor he gave,
Long journeys took to bear them aid,
And still the fallen soul to save.
Forbearing tenderness display'd ;
The timid Mark he gently train'd,
Till worldly confidence he gain'd.

Dear SAVIOUR, teach us all to feel
 Our neighbours' woes as if our own,
 That burning love and ceaseless zeal
 May in their varied needs be shown ;
 Thus shall we glorify Thy Name,
 Thy Gospel's winning pow'r proclaim.

To GOD the FATHER, sing we praise,
 High glory to th' Eternal SON,
 To the Bless'd SPIRIT worship raise,—
 Three Persons, yet the Godhead One ;
 May we through endless time prolong
 The burthen of this sacred song. Amen.

LIV.

A HYMN FOR S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

IN the middle of the year,
 Comes again the Advent cry,—
 Comes the thrilling voice of fear,
 Telling of the Judgment nigh ;
 Wisely, sinner, now repent,
 To thy GOD and SAVIOUR turn,
 Ere thy little life is spent,
 Ere thy lamp hath ceas'd to burn.

After glorious Whitsuntide,
 Echoes still the Lenten strain,
 Bids our inmost hearts be tried,
 Lest a bitter root remain ;
 Oh, what ceaseless love is shown,
 In this oft repeated call,
 Thus the SAVIOUR seeks His own,
 Thus would break their cruel thrall.

JESU, make us timely wise,
 All our danger, LORD, reveal,
 Lest Thy burning anger rise,
 Lest Thy heavy wrath we feel ;
 Since Thou wilt not always plead,
 With our wilful stubborn race,
 Grant us now to hear and heed
 This the present call of grace.

Like Thy holy Baptist we
 Fain would lead a sober life,
 From the world's defilements free
 All its greed, and lust, and strife,
 We would learn of him how few
 Are our real wants below,
 Learn in all we have to do
 Self-forgetfulness to show.

Give us grace the truth to speak,
 In an honest spirit strong,

Bold in act, in temper meek,
 To rebuke the lie and wrong ;
 With a brave and patient heart
 May we for that truth endure,
 Play for Thee a valiant part,
 Hold Thy faith severely pure.

Like the Baptist, LORD, we pray,
 We may ever look to Thee,
 And, by all we do or say,
 Others lead Thy Face to see ;
 Higher office none can share
 Than to herald JESU'S Name,
 In the world His way prepare,
 And the LAMB of GOD proclaim.

Unto GOD the FATHER now,
 Unto GOD the Eternal SON,
 Unto GOD the SPIRIT bow,
 One in Three, and Three in One ;
 Glory, praise, and honour sing,
 And in holy fear adore ;
 Tell it out that GOD is King,
 Now, henceforth, and evermore. Amen.

LV.

A HYMN FOR S. PETER'S DAY.

ASSEMBLED on this Festal Day,
 To CHRIST the LORD our vows we pay,
 Our meek petitions duteous raise,
 And blend them with our songs of praise ;
 Oh, hear us, SAVIOUR, and in grace,
 Show us the light of Thy dear Face ;
 Look on us with benignant eye,
 Our wounds to heal, our wants supply.

We, like the Saint whose deathless name
 Thy Church extols with sacred fame,
 Have fallen from the faith we hold,
 Most timid prov'd, who seem'd most bold ;
 Forward our zeal to magnify,
 Yet prone our Master to deny ;
 Strong when untask'd, but weak in need,
 In language noble, base in deed.

Ah ! unlike him, we needs must own,
 That we have fall'n not once alone ;
 Day after day have we disclaim'd
 The LORD we day by day have nam'd ;
 Now, JESU, now at length, we crave,
 That Thou wilt look on us to save,

Wilt bid the tears of penance flow
To wash away our shame and woe.

When Thou wast in that Judgment-hall,
Which witness'd Peter's grievous fall,
Well could the aw'd Apostle trace
The change that mark'd Thy sacred Face ;
For none had better lov'd to scan
The Features of the Son of Man,
None better skill'd the lore to heed,
He in Thy Countenance might read.

So, blessed SAVIOUR, we would learn
Thy Face at all times to discern,
And in its sad expression see
If we in aught work grief to Thee :
Let the whole world seem gray and cold,
The sun its cheerful light withhold,
And all be chill and dark within,
Till we are conscious of our sin.

Oh, look on us with pleading eyes,
Till we our weakness shall despise ;
And in each well known sight and sound
Let warning of our guilt be found ;
The voice of friends shall tell of change,
The face of lov'd ones e'en be strange,
Till in the healing burst of grief,
Our hearts o'ercharged shall find relief.

Dear SAVIOUR, from themselves protect
Thy ransom'd flock, Thine own elect ;
And teach us ever self-distrust,
Who are but weak and helpless dust.
Be Thou our Strength, our Guide, our Stay,
JESU, the Life, the Truth, the Way ;
Let not our feet in error roam,
But bring us safely to our Home. Amen.

LVI.

A HYMN FOR S. JAMES' DAY.

LORD, Thou call'st us to obey !
Let us come without delay,
Let us hear with thankful heed,
Answer Thee with faithful speed ;
Let the Saint whose Feast e'en now
Prompts our duteous hymn and vow,
Teach us, at Thy gracious Voice,
How to make an instant choice.

He forsook his home and all,
To attend Thy loving call ;
Left his ship and gainful trade,
Nor with timid doubt delay'd ;

So would we arise, O LORD,
Ready, at Thy first glad word,
Sacrifice of all to make,
For our dear REDEEMER's sake.

LORD, Thou call'st us to obey !
We would come this very day,
Hasten while there yet is light,
Hasten ere the fall of night ;
Oh, do Thou bestow the grace
Prompt to seek Thy loving Face,
Quick the gains of earth to spurn,
Apt the way of life to learn.

LORD, Thou call'st us to obey !
Teach us in Thyself the Way ;
Draw us, after Thee we'll run,
Light us, Thou Eternal Sun ;
We are timid, sluggish, cold,
Make us fervent, zealous, bold ;
We our sinful weakness own,
All our strength is Thine alone.

SAVIOUR, help us evermore,
That Thy Name we may adore,
Worthily may skill to raise,
By our lips and lives Thy praise.

To the FATHER now with Thee,
 And the SPIRIT glory be ;
 One in Three and Three in One,
 While unending ages run. Amen.

LVII.

A HYMN FOR S. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

WITHDRAWN from ev'ry human eye,
 Where deepest shadow sleeps,
 The guileless son of Israel
 His secret vigil keeps.

No brother e'en, no bosom friend,
 His hidden thought may share,
 May guess if joy or grief be his,
 High praise or contrite pray'r.

None knows, nor shall know till the day
 Which modest worth reveals,
 And brings to cloudless light the deeds
 Retiring faith conceals.

Heed we but this,—to keep our thoughts
 From all defilement free,
 Our inmost hearts severely pure,
 For God's dread Eye to see ;

May we, when least observed of men,
His searching most invite,
And in the thickest darkness live
As ever in His sight.

O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
To Thee be all the praise,
Which, taught by Thy preventing love,
Our lips and lives can raise. Amen.

LVIII.

A HYMN FOR S. MATTHEW'S DAY.

'MID evil days, when faith is weak,
And love itself grows cold,
A faithful few remain to seek
The paths approv'd of old.

They ask the grace which spares to count
The sum of earthly loss,
Nor dread to bear up Zion's mount
The burthen of the Cross.

They ask an ever ready heart
To follow JESU's call,
And strength to play a fearless part,
Whatever pains befall.

Let CHRIST but speak, they fain would leave
 At once their gainful seat ;
 Nor want nor weariness should grieve,
 Nor pow'rs of hell defeat.

Bless'd SAVIOUR, to Thy faithful band
 On earth may we adhere ;
 That with Thy Saints, at Thy Right Hand,
 In Heav'n we may appear.

There, 'mid the bright Celestial Host,
 Grant us this song to raise :
 O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Be Thine eternal praise. Amen.

LIX.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF S.
 MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Christe, Sanctorum Decus Angelorum.

S. HRABANUS MAURUS.

CHRIST, the Holy Angels' Grace,
 While our festal hymns we sing,
 Maker, Ruler of man's race,
 Hear the pray'r we meekly bring.

This is all the suit we make :

When this mortal life is o'er,
To Thy Courts Thy servants take,
There preserve them evermore.

Thither that we come at length,
Now Thy faithful Angels send,
Who may bring us grace and strength,
Aid and succour to the end.
Michael, who brings us peace,
First we ask—a constant guest,
Making strife and wars to cease,
Stilling doubts and deep unrest.

Gabriel, with him, we seek,
Strong to fight our ancient Foe,
From his darts to shield the weak,
From his snares of guilt and woe.
Raphael, our wounds to heal,
Yet we venture, LORD, to claim ;
Still may we his presence feel,
Cleansing from their sore and shame.

Oh, may all Thy Angel band,
Burning with celestial love,
Round about Thy servants stand,
Till we reach the realms above ;
There to Thee, O CHRIST the LORD,
With the FATHER ever One,

And the HOLY GHOST ador'd,
Endless praise by all be done. Amen.

Daniel, i. 218; iv. 165, 371.

B. HRabanus Maurus, born A.D. 776; Abp. of Mayence, A.D. 847; deceased, A.D. 856.

LX.

A HYMN FOR S. LUKE'S DAY.

FATHER of lights, through Thee Alone
Each good and perfect gift we own,
From Thy eternal seat above
Descending on the Church in love.

Lo, music's sweetest notes are Thine,
In solemn choir and homely shrine;
Her purest strains to Thee ascend,
And with the songs of Angels blend.

Of Thee the painter learns to trace
The features of celestial grace;
His chasten'd forms before us stand,
And call us to their own bright land.

By Thee, beneath the sculptor's knife,
The statue grows instinct with life;
And fruits and flow'rs spring forth from stone,
To wreathe the footstool of Thy Throne.

'Tis Thou that to the bard dost give
 The thoughts and words which aye shall live ;
 Thine is the ready writer's pen,
 Thine the high speech that moveth men.

'Tis Thine the healing art to send,
 To ease our pain, our life extend ;
 And all that deepest science shows,
 From Thy unfathom'd wisdom flows.

LORD, not to us, but unto Thee,
 And Thy great Name, the glory be ;
 Thine are we all, oh ! keep us Thine,
 'Till in Thy cloudless Heav'ns we shine. Amen.

LXI.

A HYMN FOR SS. SIMON AND JUDE'S
 DAY.

WHAT time the evening shadows fall
 Around the Church on earth,
 When darker forms of doubt appal,
 And new false lights have birth ;
 All closer should her faithful band
 For Truth together hold,
 Hell's last devices to withstand,
 And safely guard her fold.

O FATHER, in this hour of fear,
 The Church of England keep,
 Thy altar to the last to rear,
 And feed Thy fainting sheep ;
 May she the holy truths attest,
 Apostles taught of yore,
 Nor quit the Faith by Saints confess'd,
 Though tempted ne'er so sore.

O Thou, Who for Thy flock didst pray,
 That all might be as one ;
 Unite us all, ere fades the day,
 Thou Sole-begotten Son ;
 The East, the West together bind,
 In love's unbroken chain ;
 Give each one hope, one heart, one mind,
 One glory, and one gain.

O SPIRIT, LORD of light and life,
 The Church with strength renew,
 Compose the angry voice of strife,
 All jealousies subdue ;
 Do Thou, in ever quick'ning streams,
 Upon Thy Saints descend,
 And warm them with reviving beams,
 And guide them to the end.

Great Three in One, great One in Three,
 Our hymn of pray'r receive,

And teach us all from sin to flee,
And live as we believe.
So, pure in faith, our thoughts and speech
And acts that faith shall own ;
So shall we to Thy presence reach,
And know as we are known. Amen.

LXII.

A HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

YE Saints of GOD Most High,
All who before the throne
In trembling bliss draw nigh,
For you our thanks be shown !
For you we raise
Our hymns to-day—
Our triumph-lay—
Our grateful praise.

Encompass'd by your cloud
Of glory bright and clear,
Your Alleluias loud
And tuneful harps we hear ;
Your thrilling voice,
Your robes of white,
And crowns of light
Bid us rejoice.

Your GOD and ours we pray,
That He will give us grace,
Aside each weight to lay,
And bravely run our race ;
To conquer each
Besetting sin
That reigns within,
And Heav'n to reach.

No harder path is made
For us than you have trod,
No thicker snares are laid,—
Yet ye have found your GOD !
What man hath done,
That man may do,
And still pursue
Till all is won.

O SAVIOUR, upon Thee
We fain would fix our gaze,
May Thine the glory be
Our eyes from earth to raise ;
Teach us to bear
Our Cross and pain,
Thy joy to gain,
Thy kingdom share.

“ To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT ever Bless'd,

Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd ;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore." Amen.

LXIII.

A HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE MOST
HOLY NAME OF JESUS.*Exsultet cor præcordiis.*

ANON.

WITH joyous strains, by ev'ry tongue,
Let JESU'S Holy Name be sung,
That Name of sweetness, as of might,
And only full of all delight.

'Tis JESUS doth the wretched cheer,
'Tis JESUS doth the guilty clear,
'Tis JESUS checks the pow'rs of hell,
'Tis JESUS breaks their deadly spell.

Sweet is the sound of JESU'S Name,
In prose, in verse, it thrills the same,
With strength it nerves the fainting soul,
And makes the wounded spirit whole.

Then be this Name our holy song,
Let all that live the strain prolong,
And let our hearts and tongues accord,
In perfect homage to the LORD.

JESU, Thou art the sinners' stay,
Draw near and bless us when we pray,
Do Thou our wand'ring feet recall,
And raise, and spare us, when we fall.

Oh, may Thy Name be our Defence,
To guard from danger ev'ry sense,
To perfect us from day to day,
And wash our stains of guilt away.

All glory, CHRIST, to Thee we sing,
For Thy dear Name, Thou Heav'nly King,
Thy honour is our worship due,
JESU, Most Faithful LORD, and True.

All glory, CHRIST, Thy Name adorn,
REDEEMER, SAVIOUR, Virgin-born ;
With the dread FATHER, Thou the SON,
And PARACLETE, art ever One. Amen.

LXIV.

A HYMN FOR HOLY CROSS DAY.

Cruz fidelis, terras cælis.

ANON.

AN ADAPTATION.

THE faithful Cross, that wondrous Tree,
 Binds earth to Heav'n, by God's decree ;
 Now let us raise our anthems high
 To Him Who on that Cross did die.

The Cross is that Good Shepherd's Throne,
 Who bought the nations for His own ;
 The Source whence health and plenty flow,
 The Weapon that subdues the Foe.

Its altar is a lamp of light
 Which guides us through the darkest night ;
 Dear SAVIOUR, on that altar slain,
 Thy presence may we all attain.

It is the Tree of Life, of worth
 Alone to bear the Price of earth ;
 The Fruits of that Fair Tree bestow,
 LORD JESU, on Thy flock below.

All glory to the FATHER be,
And SON, and HOLY GHOST, to Thee ;
The GOD Whom heav'n and earth adore,
Of old, and now, and evermore. Amen.

Daniel, iv. 276.

LXV.

A HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Lapsus est annus, redit annus alter.

ANON.

PAST is the old year, now begins another ;
Thus on its still wings Time is ever flying ;
Thou, O GOD, Only rulest and disposest
Life and its seasons.

We, Thy flock, praise Thee, loaded with Thy boun-
ties,
And in devout pray'r, LORD, we thus intreat Thee :
Long may our country, cleaving to Thy True Faith,
Serve and adore Thee.

Grant to our people fruits of earth in plenty ;
Far from our borders drive malignant sickness ;
Still in our time give peace and all its blessings,
FATHER, we pray Thee.

Chiefly we ask, LORD, pardon of our misdeeds,
 Many and grievous, wilfully committed,
 Pardon of blindness, pardon of omissions,
 Grace and forgiveness.

Hating the dark stains, sin's defiling tokens,
 FATHER, our whole hearts meekly we would bring
 Thee ;
 Cleanse them, and keep them free from all pollution,
 Through Thy great mercy.

Oh, while the days run, while the years are rolling,
 While, with sure footfall, centuries are passing,
 To the Eternal TRINITY be honour,
 Praise and thanksgiving. Amen.

Daniel, iv. 319.

LXVI.

A HYMN FOR THE EMBER WEEKS.

Christe decreto Patris institutus.

ANON.

AN ADAPTATION.

CHRIST by the FATHER's fix'd decree,
 Ordain'd our Great High Priest to be ;
 Who dost the fitting teachers choose,
 To carry forth Thy Gospel news ;

Where shall we find a faithful breast,
Meet to receive this high behest,
Unless Thou form the men that claim,
The Pastor's lov'd and honour'd name?

Lo ! trembling and abash'd they stand,
Drawn to Thee by Thy powerful Hand,
From Thee to take the Office dread—
To feed Thy people in Thy stead.

Teach them the dangers which surround
That high and consecrated ground ;
Teach them beneath the cares to groan
Of other men, but not their own.

Teach them by love unquiet made,
To haste where'er is need of aid ;
Teach them unto their flocks to fly
At every anxious, suff'ring cry.

Teach them by holy acts to seal
The holy truths their lips reveal ;
Teach them, by pow'r of earnest love,
Themselves at all times to approve ;—

The lame man's staff, the blind man's sight,
The sinner's steady, guiding light ;
Fathers—awake at ev'ry call,
Brothers—made all things unto all.

Shepherd of shepherds ! Who didst bleed
With Thine Own Blood Thy flock to feed ;
Grant us Thy pastures evermore
To reach through Thee, the Only Door. Amen.

LXVII.

HYMN AT A SERVICE FOR THE
PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

FATHER, Whose are we, and all
Which our wealth we idly call ;
Lo, we come before Thy throne,
Young and old, Thy Love to own.

Ev'ry breast do Thou inspire
With a kindling holy fire,
Warming all through zeal to Thee,
Mindful of Thy lambs to be.

SAVIOUR, Whose especial care
Little children ever share ;
Keep us, by preventing grace,
Childlike through our mortal race.

Meek and lowly may we be,
Pure in heart our GOD to see,

Gentle, true, forgiving, kind,
Fashion'd, JESU, to Thy mind.

SPIRIT, Whose the graces are,
Richest of all treasures far ;
From Thy sev'nfold gifts impart
To each pray'rful, trusting heart.

Day by day to all bring near
Wisdom, understanding, fear,
Counsel, knowledge, goodness, strength,
So we Zion reach at length.

Three in One, and One in Three,
May we all grow up to Thee ;
Young and old by love sustain'd,
Till Thy Presence shall be gain'd.

Then shall we, through endless days,
Sing the song we now would raise :
Glory to the FATHER, SON,
With the SPIRIT, ever One. Amen.

LXVIII.

HYMNS FOR THE PROPAGATION OF
THE GOSPEL.

I.—THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.

AWAY from their country, the home of their brothers,
Far o'er the sea, where the tempest is swelling ;
Away from the land of their fathers and mothers,
Sadly the colonists seek a new dwelling.

They own 'tis the favour of GOD That bestoweth
Largely the increase of sons as a blessing ;
They praise Him, the good of His creatures Who
knoweth,
Praise Him, His love and His bounty confessing.

Yet hard they still find it the sweet ties to sever
Which to their fatherland bind them so duly ;
To leave the home-scenes and the tried friends for
ever,
Those who have watched them and loved them so
truly ;

To leave the old Church where they worshipp'd so
often,
Day by day folded in holiest keeping ;

To leave the low graves where their hearts learn'd
to soften,

Where in their SAVIOUR their lov'd ones are
sleeping.

Oh, surely the mercy of GOD that divideth
Earth and its fulness, all people to nourish ;
Far more for the wants of His servants provideth,
Making their desert like Eden to flourish.

Yes ; moving the hearts which His Church hath
enlightened,
Set on the hill of her pious protection,
He bids the new homes of our children be lightened,
With the same lamp of her tender affection.

He bids our sons carry the marks of His favour—
Shepherds and Sacraments, Bibles and teachers,
And show, in the far land He gives them, His
savour,
Owned 'mid the heathen as His living preachers.

He bids us to help them, His kingdom extending,
Freely to give as His bounty hath given,
The cause of His saints and His Gospel defending,
Striving for truth as Apostles have striven.

O Bless'd Three in One, help us all in proclaiming
Widely the Gospel of JESUS the SAVIOUR,

In winning the ignorant, sinners reclaiming,
Witnessing Thee by our guileless behaviour.

O FATHER, we pray, may we learn self-denial,
CHRIST, we intreat, may our lamps be found
burning,
O SPIRIT, in all things vouchsafe Thine espial ;
So let us watch for MESSIAH's returning. Amen.

LXIX.

II.—MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

LISTEN, listen, Christian people !
O'er the water swells a cry ;
“ Come and help us, come and help us ;
Help us, who in darkness lie.

“ Ye have power, ye have riches,
We are very poor and weak ;
Come and help us, come and help us ;
Help us, who your kindness seek.

“ You have schools and careful teachers,
We have none to bid us learn ;
Come and help us, come and help us ;
Help us, for to you we turn.

“ You have Churches, you have Shepherds,
We have none our souls to feed ;
Come and help us, come and help us ;
Help us in our utmost need.”

Answer ! answer ! Christian people,
O'er the water, answer thus :
“ We will help you, we will help you ;
As our God hath helped us.

“ We will give as He hath bless'd us,
With a glad, ungrudging heart ;
We will help you, we will help you !
And of His good things impart.

“ We will give you schools and teachers
Who shall show you Heav'nly things ;
We will help you, we will help you,
With the light the Gospel brings.

“ We will give you faithful Shepherds,
Who your wand'ring feet shall guide,
Lead you to the greenest pastures,
More than Angels' food provide.

“ We will build you Christian Churches,
And the rites of worship show ;
We will help you, we will help you,
Thus the living God to know.”

FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Teach us all to do our duty,
To our neighbours and to Thee.

Make us feel the heathen neighbours,
Their and ev'ry race the same ;
Let our words and actions teach them
To adore Thy Holy Name. Amen.

LXX.

A HYMN AFTER A BAPTISM.

JESU, now Thy new-made soldier
From the Font hath gone his way,
Now before him lies his trial
In the life-long, mystic fray ;
Blessed SAVIOUR !
Keep him through the weary day.

May he bravely fight Thy battle,
And, through Thee, subdue the foe,
Shun his wiles, escape his malice,
And repel his cruel blow ;
Mighty Captain !
Thy salvation may he know.

Bright and clear Thy Cross is shining
On his pure and stainless brow,
Let it ever there resplendent
Witness to his faithful vow ;
Dear REDEEMER !
Keep it always bright as now.

All unsullied is his vesture—
His baptismal robe of white,
Clean and spotless may he keep it,
In the loathsome Fiend's despite ;
Font of cleansing !
Cancel not this sacred rite.

Oh, may all to whom pertaineth
This Thy servant's early care,
Mindful of his heav'nly pureness,
Word and work of shame forbear :
Thou That hearest !
Give them hearts and lips of pray'r.

Full of hope his day is breaking,
May he never know the night ;
Thou Who shin'st upon his morning,
Be at ev'ning-tide his Light ;
Sun of Glory !
Lose him never from Thy sight,

Unto Thee all praise and blessing
In Thy Holy Church be done,
With the FATHER and the SPIRIT
Thou the Co-Eternal SON !
Consubstantial and Co-Equal,
While the endless ages run. Amen.

“To Mr. and Mrs. T——, my faithful and consistent Church parishioners, for the baptism of whose grandson this Hymn was composed, I inscribe the same with affectionate regard.—The Country Curate.

“Whitsun Monday, 1859.”

This Hymn is not meant to follow immediately upon the Baptismal Service, but to be used in the place of the anthem at Evening-song, when there has been a Baptism. The Nunc Dimittis best follows the Baptismal Service. On this point the writer would quote a sermon of his own.

“What a touching strain it is, when the baptismal rite is over in some evening Church, and, as the newly-washed babe is carried from the font, the song is poured forth : ‘*LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.*’ Often and often, doubtless, must that song have awakened the thought, ‘*Oh, that thus in mercy it might be ! that the newly-enrolled Christian,—he who hath now for the first time received the promise of God’s salvation,—‘ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,*’ might indeed be taken away ; might be spared all contact with the evil of the world, and ‘*depart in peace*’ to his assured home, unsullied in his spotless robes !’ Nay, but this may not be ; he has yet to tarry a time upon the earth ; *he* may not be excused his fight, who is just now sworn to be ‘*CHRIST’S faithful soldier and servant ;*’—he must abide the battle and do his part therein, not without dust and heat. And still evening by evening, as he grows up, he is warned to be prepared for his summons, and taught to be in readiness, should his soul that night be required of him.

LXXI.

A SEQUENCE.

IN ADVENT, AND AT A BURIAL.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

THOMAS DE CELANO.

DAY of anger ! that Great Day¹
 Shall the world in ashes lay,²
 David and the Sibyl say.³

Great the trembling then will be,⁴
 When our coming Judge we see,⁵
 All things waiting His decree.⁶

Ev'ry grave shall hear and own—⁷
 Hear the trumpet's wondrous tone⁸
 Summon all before the throne.⁹

Death and nature struck aghast,¹⁰
 See the Creature rise at last,
 Call'd to answer for the past.¹¹

¹ Zeph. i. 14, 16.² 2 S. Pet. iii. 10.³ Psalm xi. 7 ; cii. 25—27. ⁴ S. Matt. xxiv. 30 ; Rev. vi. 12—17.⁵ Rev. i. 7 ; Acts xvii. 31.⁶ S. Matt. xii. 36 ; Eccles. xii. 14 ; 1 Cor. iv. 5.⁷ S. John v. 28, 29.⁸ 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.⁹ 2 Cor. v. 10.¹⁰ 1 Cor. xv. 26 ; Acts ii. 19, 20.¹¹ S. Matt. xxv. 14—46.

Lo, the written Book unroll'd,¹
 Where the acts of men are told,
 Whence the Judgment God shall hold.

Seated then in awful might,²
 Hidden things He brings to light,³
 Ev'ry ill He doth requite.⁴

What, that hour, shall form my plea?⁵
 Who, that hour, shall speak for me?⁶
 When scarce safe the just shall be.⁷

King, with dreadful splendour deck'd,⁸
 SAVIOUR free of Thine elect,⁹
 Fount of goodness, me protect !

JESU, call to mind, I pray,¹⁰
 How for me Thou took'st Thy way ;¹¹
 Lose me not in that great Day.¹²

Thou wast wearied, seeking me ;¹³
 Crucified, my soul to free ;¹⁴
 Not in vain that labour be !

¹ Rev. xx. 12.

³ S. Luke xii. 2, 3.

⁵ Job xxxi. 14.

⁷ 1 S. Pet. iv. 18.

⁹ Eph. ii. 8.

¹¹ 1 Tim. i. 15.

¹³ S. John iv. 6.

² S. Matt. xxv. 31.

⁴ Nahum i. 2 ; 2 Thess. i. 7—9.

⁶ Isaiah x. 3 ; Joel ii. 11.

⁸ Job xxxviii. 22.

¹⁰ S. Luke xix. 10.

¹² Psalm xxviii. 1—3.

¹⁴ Col. i. 20 ; Heb. xii. 2.

LORD, Thy pardon true bestow,¹
 Ere before Thy throne I go,²
 Where the world my guilt must know.³

Lo, I groan by sin accus'd,⁴
 Shame hath all my face suffus'd,⁵
 Grant my pray'r be not refus'd.

Thou didst Mary's pardon seal,⁶
 Thou didst hear the thief's appeal;⁷
 Even I then hope may feel.

Worthless are my pray'rs indeed,⁸
 Yet my meek petition heed,⁹
 Lest that burning be my meed.

With Thy sheep my place provide,¹⁰
 Set me from the goats aside,¹¹
 On Thy right hand let me bide.¹²

When the curs'd are put to shame,¹³
 Doom'd to everlasting flame,¹⁴
 With Thy saints my part proclaim.¹⁵

¹ S. Luke xi. 4; Psalm li. 9.

² Acts iii. 19—21.

³ S. Luke viii. 17.

⁴ Psalm vi. 6; Rev. xii. 10.

⁵ Psalm xlv. 16.

⁶ S. Luke vii. 48.

⁷ S. Luke xxiii. 42, 43.

⁸ S. Luke xv. 18, 19.

⁹ S. Luke xviii. 13.

¹⁰ S. Matt. xxv. 32.

¹¹ S. Matt. xxv. 33.

¹² S. Matt. xxv. 34.

¹³ Rom. ii. 5.

¹⁴ S. Matt. xxv. 41; xiii. 42.

¹⁵ S. Matt. xxv. 34; xiii. 43.

Humbly praying now I bend,¹
 Wasting fire my heart doth spend,²
 Take Thou care of my last end.³

Ah, Great Day of tears and sighs !
 Guilty man from death doth rise !

Hears the Judge his doom declare !
 LORD Most High, Thy servant spare.

Holy JESU ! SAVIOUR bless'd,
 Be Thou now and aye our rest. Amen.

Daniel, ii. 103 ; v. 110.

In adapting the above for use, the last line of the first stanza has been paraphrased thus :

Jewish books, and Gentile, say.

By adopting the various reading, *Crucis expandens vexilla*, we may render the first stanza as follows :

Day of Anger ! that Great Day,
 Shall the banner'd Cross display,
 And the world in ashes lay.

Reference would then be made to S. Matt. xxiv. 30. But see the genuineness of the common reading defended and explained by Dean Trench, *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 273.

The conclusion of the Hymn has thus been given for the tune's sake :

Ah, Great Day of tears and sighs !
 Guilty man from death doth rise,⁴
 Goes before the dread assize !⁵

¹ Psalm li. 7.

² Psalm cii. 3, 4.

³ Psalm xxv. 19.

⁴ Rom. xiv. 10.

⁵ S. Matt. xvi. 27.

Spare Thy servant, SAVIOUR bless'd !
 Holy JESU, LORD confess'd,
 Grant us all in Thee to rest. Amen.

This "world-famous Hymn" teems with the language and sentiments of Holy Scripture. The appended original references are but a few of those which have been observed in it.

LXXII.

A HYMN AT A BURIAL.

*Jam mæsta quiesce querela.**

PRUDENTIUS.

Now your sorrowful complaints should be hush'd ;
 O ye mourners, from weeping refrain,
 Dry the tears to your eyes which have gush'd,
 For this death is life's op'ning again ;

And this burial order'd with care,
 And the tomb which with love we shall keep,
 For their evident meaning declare,
 That our friend is not dead, but asleep.

And the body we see lying still,
 Which now lacks the enlightening mind,
 Yet again its sensation shall fill,
 And once more soul and flesh be combin'd.

Very shortly the day must appear,
When these limbs with their old heat shall glow,
And, reviving the corpse which lies here,
Through its veins the life blood shall yet flow.

And the frame which inactive hath been,
And corruptible lain 'neath the sod,
Shall that day reunited be seen
To the soul, for the Judgment of God.

Thus the seeds, which we sow in the earth,
All, before they are quicken'd, must die,
But they thus win a glad second birth,
And give back the known plant to the eye.

Then, kind earth, take this corpse to thy breast,
And still keep it with tenderest care,
Since the limbs we commit to thy rest
In the soul's lasting dignity share.

For they once were the home of that soul,
Which from God's Mighty SPIRIT first flow'd,
And in them, sweetly ruling the whole,
Once the Wisdom Eternal hath glow'd.

While this body thou tak'st for a space,
Know that God shall demand it again,
That the Image it bore of His Face
He will give not in dust to remain.

And the day of refreshment will break,
In which GOD ev'ry hope shall fulfil,
Restitution that day thou must make,
And these limbs must arise at His will.

Though the flesh may with ages decay,
Though the bones into ashes may turn,
Though a handful of mouldering clay,
May be all that the eye could discern ;

Nay, though winds, beyond all human ken,
Should have carried that dust through the air,
Yet THE MAN hath not perish'd e'en then,
Who of life everlasting is heir.

But—until this resolvable shrine
Thou dost summon and fashion once more,
In what region, GOD, wilt Thou assign,
That it wait for the judgment in store ?

Oh, we trust that in Abraham's breast
It may lie amid pleasures untold,
Where the beggar in comfort doth rest,
Whom the rich man from far doth behold.

Even now, O REDEEMER, we pray,
With the penitent thief it may be,
And in Paradise sojourn this day,
Where that ransom'd one enter'd with Thee.

Lo ! now to the faithful is made
The bright way of eternity plain,
And what man to the Serpent betray'd,
That through Man we have grace to regain.

We have hidden these bones from our view,
But the place where our brother doth sleep
We with flowers and branches will strew
And his sepulchre piously keep.

Daniel, i. 137.

LXXIII.

A HYMN.

O Deus, ego amo Te, Nam.

ANON.

O God, I love Thee well,
For Thou first lovedst me ;
And gladly I my will give up,
In all to follow Thee.

Let mem'ry nought suggest,
Save of Thy glory, LORD ;
Nor understanding prove its strength,
Save to embrace Thy word.

Than that I know Thy will
 None other will is mine ;
 The gifts Thy bounty gives to me,
 My off'ring maketh Thine.

From Thee deriv'd, to Thee
 I vow them from my heart ;
 Dispose them as shall seem Thee best,
 But still Thy love impart.

With love endow me, LORD,
 To love Thee as beseems ;
 In giving this Thou givest all,
 For other things are dreams.

All glory, honour, praise,
 And pow'r eternal be
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD in Persons Three. Amen.

Daniel, ii. 335 ; iv. 347.

LXXIV.

A HYMN.

O Deus, ego amo Te, Nec.

S. FRANCIS XAVIER.

O GOD, I love Thee,—not with hope
 Salvation thus to buy ;

Nor yet since they who love Thee not
In endless flame must lie.

Thou, Thou, my JESUS, on Thy Cross,
Didst wholly me embrace ;
For me endure the Nails, the Spear,
Revilings and Disgrace.

With these unnumbered sorrows were,
Thy Agony and Sweat,
Then Death itself ;—and all for me,
To pay my heavy debt.

How then, most kind and loving LORD,
Should I not love Thee well ;—
Not that in heav'n Thou shouldst me save,
Or keep me out of hell ;

Not with the hope to win reward ;—
But, as Thou loved'st me ;—
So, freely, CHRIST, my King Alone,
I love, and will love, Thee.

All glory to the FATHER rise,
All glory to the SON,
All glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

Daniel, ii. 335.

S. Francis Xavier, b. A.D. 1506, d. A.D. 1552.

LXXV.

A HYMN.

Jesu dulcissime ! e throno gloriæ.

ANON.

O JESU, most Sweet ! from Thy glorious Throne
 Thou cam'st down to seek a lost sheep for Thine
 Own,

O JESU, most kind ! O Thou Shepherd most true,
 So draw me, that Thee I may ever ensue.

LORD ! I am a sheep that have err'd from Thy way,
 May hell never claim me its victim and prey ;
 Oh, wash me, my JESU ! in Thy precious Blood,
 That so I may love Thee, when cleans'd by that
 flood.

Thou Comfort of mourners ! Thou Joy of the heart !
 Love ! Fountain of grace ! of Thy fulness impart ;
 O Faithful to seek ! and O Mighty to save !
 Defend me in death, and redeem from the grave.

O JESU, most lovely ! O Bridegroom most dear !
 Less sweet is the honey, the noon-day less clear,
 I seek for Thy pardon—Thy free-saving grace—
 And joy with the Saints in the light of Thy Face.
 Amen.

LXXVI.

NURSERY HYMNS.

I.

FATHER, hear a little child,
 Hear me, JESU, SAVIOUR mild,
 HOLY SPIRIT, hear my pray'r :
 Keep me ever with Thy care. Amen.

II.

A MORNING HYMN.

TO THE BLESSED SAVIOUR.

LORD, for all Thy care, I praise Thee ;
 Thou hast kept me through the night ;
 Thou, in health and strength dost raise me,
 Once again to see the light.

Keep me still, Thou Blessed SAVIOUR,
 From all sin and harm, I pray ;
 Let me, by my meek behaviour,
 Please Thee this and ev'ry day. Amen.

III.

AN EVENING HYMN.

TO THE BLESSED SAVIOUR.

JESU, SAVIOUR, LORD and King,
Hear the Ev'ning-song I sing ;
Thou hast kept me through the day,
Keep me through the night, I pray.

Pardon all the wrong I've done,
Teach me evil ways to shun ;
May I daily please Thee more,
Till my life on earth be o'er. Amen.

IV.

O FATHER, wheresoe'er I be,
Let me remember Thou dost see ;
Thou knowest all I do or say,
And all my thoughts from day to day :
Thou seest me even through the night,
The darkness is to Thee as light.

Then let me always strictly try
To please Thine ever watchful eye,
In all my acts my duty do,
In all my words be strictly true,
And all my thoughts keep clean and pure,
Thy constant favour to secure. Amen.

LXXVII.

A PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O LORD, the Great God, I have trusted in Thee,
 O Thou, my loved JESU, at length set me free ;
 In chains deeply galling,
 In pains heart-appalling,
 I long but for Thee.
 Though failing
 With wailing,
 I still kneel—prevailing,
 Adoring,
 Imploring,
 That Thou set me free.

The original Hymn of the unfortunate Queen is here subjoined :

O DOMINE DEUS, speravi in Te,
 O care mi JESU, nunc libera me,
 In dura catena,
 In misera pœna,
 Desidero Te ;
 Languendo,
 Dolendo,
 Et genu flectendo,
 Adoro,
 Imploro,
 Ut liberes me.

LXXVIII.

HYMN ON THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING

(MAY 1ST, 1859.)

FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION IN INDIA.

O GOD of Hosts, Great Sov'reign, Thou,
 Before Whose Throne the nations bow,
 Who makest raging wars to cease,
 And crown'st the world with smiling peace ;
 To Thee our duteous hymns we raise,
 The grateful tribute of our praise ;
 To Thee we make our rev'rent pray'r,
 And ask Thy still continued care.

Two years Rebellion's cruel strife,
 Its deeds of shame, its thirst for life,
 Two years of stern rebuke and woe,
 Hast Thou appointed us to know ;
 And now Thou tak'st away the rod,
 And show'st Thyself as mercy's GOD,
 Our pray'rs dost bless, and calm our fears,
 Our wounds dost heal. and dry our tears.

O FATHER, may we bear in mind,
 How good Thou art, how loving, kind,

And for that mercy dwells with Thee,
 Fearful of trespass may we be ;
 'Tis hard to sin against the love
 Which shines so freely from above,
 'Tis hard against the Hand to strive,
 Which fain would save our souls alive.

O SON, this grace Thy servants ask,
 To do for Thee their duteous task ;—
 To bend them meekly to Thy will,
 Ensue the good, forsake the ill,
 Thy Word obey, Thy Church revere,
 And all her counsels hold most dear,
 Bravely Thy Gospel Truth proclaim,
 With voice and heart set forth Thy Name.

O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of Life,
 Do Thou compose the nations' strife ;
 'Tis Thine the noise of waves to still,
 The people's mad and angry will ;
 Give healing peace from shore to shore,
 And let us learn to war no more ;
 But most we pray, the Church unite
 That all the world may hail its light.

Great GOD, Eternal Three in One,
 May this our humble pray'r be done :
 To all who now Thy goodness own,
 The riches of Thy truth make known ;

Their faith, their hope, their love increase,
And grant them Thine unfathom'd peace ;
On earth, in heaven, oh, may they sing
The ceaseless praise of Thee their King.

LXXIX.

A HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

O GOD and FATHER, Thou Whose sway
All nations of the earth obey,
Thou Whose most strong resistless Hand
Gives war or peace to ev'ry land ;
To Thee our suppliant cry we make,
Oh, hear us for the SAVIOUR's sake,
Do Thou dispel our gath'ring fears,
Renew our hopes, repress our tears.

Those tears e'en now are fain to flow,
Through sympathy with others' woe,
As tidings day by day are rife
Of nations arming for the strife,
Of smiling lands to deserts turn'd
Of fields laid waste, and houses burn'd,
Of war begun, and battles fought,
And human life accounted nought.

O LORD, we pray, this strife compose,
And reconcile the fiercest foes,
Good-will through all the earth increase,
And bless the nations with Thy peace.
Let Christian lands no contest know,
Save which the greatest zeal shall show
To hold Thy Faith from errors free,
And win fresh realms to worship Thee.

From our own land, we further pray,
Do Thou keep war and strife away ;
And, though full often we offend,
Let not Thy heavy wrath descend ;
But may Thy mercy spare us still,
To own Thy love and work Thy will,
Thy truth and faithfulness proclaim,
And tell to distant shores Thy Name.

Great God, if now indeed it be,
That warnings in the times we see,
Which speak the term of all things nigh,
And judgment speeding from on high,
The sorrows of the end begun,
The mortal ages nearly run ;
Then let us not these signs despise,
But make us, FATHER, timely wise.

Grant us our errors to discern,
The danger of our ways to learn,

In private, and in public too,
Our ill forsake, our good ensue,
Renounce our sordid love of gain,
The holiness of CHRIST attain,
In morals pure, in words sincere,
In all our works as noon-day clear.

Grant us unto the Faith to cleave
The Saints did once for all receive ;
To hold Thy Truth severely pure,—
That Truth which only shall endure ;
Unduteous steps may we retrace,
To walk by Thy preventing grace,
And in the ev'ning shade's despite,
Uphold, advance Thy Gospel light.

O FATHER, grant the pray'r we make,
For JESUS our REDEEMER's sake,
O SON, with constant favour keep
Thy ransom'd flock—Thy dear-bought sheep ;
O SPIRIT, quell each note of strife,
And nourish us to CHRIST-like life ;
O Three in One, O One in Three,
From all defilements set us free. Amen.

LXXX.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

Perlegis? an mundi curæ nugæque repugnant?

F. K.

READ'ST thou this Book?—or do life's cares and
gauds withstand?

Nay, read;—for it is written by a Heav'nly Hand.

Read it;—life's solace, and a rest from toil thou'lt
find,

Thy soul's true peace, sure med'cine for thy trou-
bled mind.

Read it;—but, reading, still thy spirit, purpose
heed;

For, as it heals if well, it hurts if ill thou read.

Read it;—but first kneel at the Throne of Grace
and ask,

That GOD instruct thee, and prevent thy holy task.

LXXXI.

TO THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Qui fueras Patrum decus et tutela meorum.

F. K.

SWEET Book, our Fathers' well-priz'd glory, and
 their stay,
 In weal and woe alike companion of their way ;
 Sweet book, the winning guide and teacher of my
 youth,
 Keeping my wand'ring feet to paths of good and
 truth ;
 Be still the solace of my age, till life be pass'd,
 My solid bulwark prove, my leader to the last ;
 While health and strength remain my 'handbook'
 may'st thou be,
 And with my failing pow'rs may I still hold to
 thee ;
 Let my last tears o'er thee my constant love attest,
 Let my last kiss on thee with dying lips be press'd.

LXXXII.

THE COLLIERS.

YES, we work "in the pit,"—'tis an ill-sounding
name,

But *this* name need not hurt us, nor frighten ;
We can win "a good name," by a life free from
blame,

Which the pit's utmost darkness may brighten.

Yes, we work "in the pit,"—'tis an ill-looking
place,

Which there's many would shrink from behold-
ing ;

But we know there's no place where the power of
grace

In the faithful may fail of upholding.

Yes, we work "in the pit,"—where the foul, mock-
ing word

The poor wretch without GOD doth betoken ;
But we'll list to that Word, which these glad ears
have heard,

Which the mouth of the SAVIOUR hath spoken.

Yes, we work "in the pit,"—where the black deed
of ill,

In the darkness which suits it, is wrought ;

But we'll ne'er to such ill yield consent of our will,
Or the limbs the REDEEMER hath bought.

Yes, we work "in the pit,"—'mid continual night ;
But we'll think of the terrible warning ;
That the deeds of the night shall be spoken in light,
At the last Resurrection Morning.

Yes, we work "in the pit,"—but CHRIST JESUS
we'll pray
Us to keep from the pit that's infernal ;
And still daily we'll pray, at the dread Judgment
Day
That He'll raise us to glory eternal.

Yes, we work "in the pit,"—for a brief passing
hour,
And this life-time we quickly are spending ;
But we'll look to that hour, when the LORD comes
with pow'r,
And the life shall begin that's unending.

LXXXIII.

A HOLIDAY SONG FOR THE PAROCHIAL
SCHOOL CHILDREN.

HOLIDAYS are come once more,
 School-work for a time is o'er ;
 Mirthful and merry now let us be,
 Gladsome and lightsome, now are we free ;
 Let us run—ha, ha !
 And make fun—la, la !
 Who in the world so happy as we !

No hard lessons, line by line,
 No dull sums, "what's eight times nine ?"
 No weary copies, all blots and smears,
 Raps on the knuckles, taps on the ears ;
 Let us sing—ha, ha !
 In a ring—la, la !
 Leave alone pouting, sobbing and tears.

No stiff benches, row on row,
 (Why does such hard timber grow !)
 No dreary corners, where we must stay,
 If we are idle, p'rhaps half the day ;
 Let us shout—ho, ho !
 What a rout—so, so !
 Anyhow this time we may go play.

Stop ! we have not heard as yet
 Who to-day a prize will get ;
He will be happy who shall have one,
He will be sorry who shall have none ;
 Let *him* hope—ho, ho !
 And not mope—so, so !
 May be the next time'll bring better fun.

And let all now try to show,
 That 'tis good to School to go ;
 Careful and truthful let us all be,
 Sober and honest, so shall men see
 That the rule—yes, yes,
 Of our School doth bless ;
 None without School are happy as we !

Mind we what our parents say,
 Strive to please them ev'ry day ;
 Let us be gentle, patient and kind,
 Let us be chaste in body and mind,
 And secure our part,
 With the pure in heart,
 So 'twill be giv'n us Blessing to find !

Thanks to those who day by day,
 Strive to lead us in the way ;
 Thanks to all those that help us to learn,
 How shall we well their kindness return ?
 With a cheer—hurrah !
 Loud and clear—hurrah !
 And the best care their favour to earn.

Holidays are come once more,
School-work for a time is o'er ;
Mirthful and merry now let us be,
Innocent, harmless, though we are free ;
Let's rejoice—ha, ha !
With loud voice—la, la !
Happy in life and death may we be !

LXXXIV.

THE SONG OF THE TIDY WIFE.

I wish that Tom should never roam,
But stay with me whene'er he can ;
I wish that Tom should love his home,
Like any decent, steady man.

I could not bear that he should haunt
The public-house to tipple there ;
And leave his children oft to want
For bread, or clothes, or schooling fair.

I could not bear that he should play
With shackling men, or idle boys ;
Or ever waste a single day
In cruel sports, or godless joys.

I therefore try with all my mind
To make his home a pleasant place,
Where order, cleanness, he shall find
Which even gentlefolk might grace.

While he is out I try to get
My swilling and my sweeping done,
And all my rooms in order set,
And all my little errands run.

So, when the master comes at eve,
There's no untidy work about,—
No wash—the house to make him leave,
No ironing—to drive him out.

Together then we take our seat,
Our labours over for the day,
The children p'rhaps their tasks repeat,
Or join in merry, harmless play.

And Tom his evening pipe will smoke ;
And often, so of debt we're clear,
I run me off, with lightsome joke,
And fetch him home a sup of beer.

Thus Tom can't help but love his home,
As he will ever gladly say ;
He feels no tempting once to roam,
But thinks it joy with Suke to stay.

One place there is he better deems,—
And I with him the fancy share ;
(No earthly house so lovely seems ;)
It is our FATHER'S House of Pray'r.

And yet one other place we seek,
(May it to us and our's be giv'n !)
Home of the pure, the true, the meek,
It is our FATHER'S Home in Heav'n.

LXXXV.

MEDIA VITA IN MORTE SUMUS.

Three schoolboys were drowned, while bathing in the Adur, against rules, on Thursday, June 3rd, 1858. A fourth boy was with difficulty recovered.

A HUNDRED merry boys seek play,
Above the glancing river,
Where, on its ripple quick and gay,
The lights and shadows quiver !
Far o'er the sea white sails to view !
The busy harbour nearer !
Looked e'er the Downs so darkly blue ?
Looked e'er the coast-line clearer ?

All blithe of heart those merry boys
Devise their varied gambols ;
Some call for "sides" with eager noise,
And some ask leave for rambles ;
Some seek "the goody-woman's" store,
Some eye the stream with longing,
Some o'er the page of fiction pore,
Some here—some there are thronging.

"Put sweets aside,—your stories hide—
Nor think of waters cooling ;—
In places 'bide—till called your side ;"
This too is wholesome schooling.
"All, all must stay,—and all must play,—
For credit of the College ;"
To bear the Captain's jealous sway
Is no mean boyish knowledge.

The games are good—yet fail to please,
Some sorrow is o'er-stealing,
And many a mind is ill at ease,
With vague yet anxious feeling ;
"In midst of life we are in death,"—
And oft a chilly creeping
Attests how nigh, on every breath,
Is that grim phantom keeping.

Lo ! from the banks a fearful youth,
With gestures wild, is speeding ;

And, soon announc'd, the awful truth
Appals the most unheeding :—
Four of those merry lads, but late
With pulse of life high beating,
Now struggle 'gainst a watery fate,
The king of terrors meeting.

Unnotic'd from the field they sped,
“ A lucky chance ” securing ;
Then to the glancing river fled,
With ripple cool alluring.
Ah ! thought they never to return,
Their blithe companions leaving ?
Did no compunction in them burn,
Their “ stolen waters ” cleaving ?

Nay, blame not now their childish wrong,
Nor speak alone in sadness ;
The sorrows of that day, ere long,
To all may bring a gladness.
None for themselves are ever “ left,”
None for themselves are “ taken,”
Nor we, who mourn, of hope are 'reft,
Alone, yet not forsaken.

Who hath not deem'd their fault condon'd,
On brief but sharp repentance ?
And, rather, on himself hath own'd
In wisdom pass'd that sentence :

“Think ye that these were sinners more?—
Nay, likewise ye shall perish,
Except your own sins ye deplore,
A purer life ye cherish.”

We think with hope of them that sleep
Thus soon, to human seeming ;
We trust the LORD to own His sheep,
The lambs of His redeeming.
To scan and judge let all forbear
Their good or ill behaviour ;
Whate'er they had,—whate'er they were,
GOD rest them in their SAVIOUR.

But we, who see these things, will take
Ourselves the solemn warning,
Nor fresh delays will heedless make,
All Heaven's remonstrance scorning ;—
But walk with him—that one of four
As 'twere from death returning,
Our loins girt higher than of yore,
Our lights the clearer burning.

O Adur ! now thy name is sad,
As Wharfe or Yarrow ever ;
Thy banks full many, once so glad,
Shall tearless visit never ;

But still shalt thou this warning raise,—
No better is, nor greater ;—
“ Ere evil comes,—in youthful days,
Remember thy CREATOR !”

LXXXVI.

THE POOR MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S BURIAL.

(S. GEORGE'S, JULY 6TH, 1858.)

At the grave her strength forsook her,
Down she sank upon the ground,
While her awe-struck friends and neighbours
Drew in helpless pity round.
Nothing heard she of their whispers,
Nothing saw she of their dread,
But she swoon'd of very sorrow,
On the coffin of her dead.
Like the dead herself she slumber'd,
Yet with living strength she kept
Hold upon the narrow chamber,
Where her fondest treasure slept.
“ Man that is of woman born
Hath but short time here to live.”

To the Priest so slowly reading
She had not a thought to give.
“ Man is full of pain and sorrow,
And he fleeth as a shade ;
Unto whom, but GOD offended,
May we sinners seek for aid ?
Yet, O SAVIOUR, full of mercy,
Hearken to our humble pray'r ;—
From eternal death deliver ;
Spare us, LORD, Most Holy, spare !”

Then with gentle force they rais'd her,
For the coffin must be low'r'd ;
Not a tear upon that coffin
From her straining eyes had pour'd.
But the thought now darkly mov'd her
With the coffin to descend,
That where all things are forgotten,
There her sorrows might have end.
“ Daughter, daughter, let me follow,
Let me share thy lonesome bed,
Let me on thy bosom pillow
Once and aye this aching head.”
On one side her husband held her,
And the Priest upon the other ;
Scarcely to resume his reading,
Could the Priest his feelings smother.
“ Earth to earth, to ashes ashes,
In the certain hope and sure,

That the SAVIOUR's mighty working
Resurrection shall secure."
Listen, mother, wake and listen
To the words of comfort high ;
When no human tongue can cheer thee,
Then a Heav'nly Voice is nigh.
" I from Heaven heard it saying :
Write, henceforth the dead are bless'd ;
Even so the SPIRIT sayeth,
From their labours since they rest."

Now at length her tears are pouring—
Tears refreshing—past control,
And the pray'r of love forth-breaketh :
LORD, HAVE MERCY ON HER SOUL !
Sure that pray'r is good and holy ;
Stay not now at least to blame ;
Never knew I one in mourning
Prompted not to pray the same.
Listen, mother, still to praises
Doth the Priest of GOD invite,
" For the Spirits of the Faithful
Dwell with Him in joy and light.
Hearty thanks, O GOD, we give Thee,
(Thou of ev'ry good the Giver),
Who from earthly sin and sorrow
This our sister dost deliver.
Hasten now Thy kingdom, SAVIOUR,
Soon in mercy grant us this :

That with all the sleeping faithful
We may reach our perfect bliss.
Raise us from the death of sin
To the life of righteousness ;
Sleeping—may we sleep in JESUS,
Waking—may we hear Him bless :
Come ye children of My FATHER,
Your eternal kingdom take.
Grant this, GOD of endless mercy,
For that dear REDEEMER's sake."

" Weeping mother, thou must turn thee
To thy house so lone and drear ;
Grudge not now to leave these relics,
All thy daughter is not here.
Here is but the earthly portion,
And her soul we trust doth rest
Sweetly upon Abraham's bosom,
In the kingdom of the bless'd.
Unto her thou mayest journey,
She may not return to thee ;
See thou doest thine endeavour
Join'd with her again to be."

Meekly to her house she turns her,
" Home " she will not call it more ;
That is " Home " whereto her daughter
In the LORD hath gone before.

LXXXVII.

THE POOR MOTHER'S ACT OF SUB-
MISSION.

Adapted from S. Ephraem Syrus, as translated by Dr. Burgess.

O MY child, my best belov'd one,
 Form'd within my womb by grace ;
 Fashion'd, finish'd by God's goodness,
 Planted in thy earthly place.
 Suff'ring like a tender flower,
 Thou didst dread the noon-tide ray ;
 Death with fiercer heat pass'd o'er thee,
 And thou wither'd'st away.
 All thy leaves hung sere and drooping
 Tow'rds the ground thou bow'dst thine head,
 And they whisper'd sadly round me
 That my tender plant was dead.

Thee I fear to weep, instructed
 That the King's Own SON, in love,
 Hath my cherish'd flow'r transplanted
 To His heavenly fields above.
 Nature in its fondness moves me
 Bitter tears indeed to shed ;
 But when I remember whither
 Angels have thy spirit led,
 Then I fear lest I with weeping
 Should the dwelling-place offend,

Where the King in glory sitteth,
 Where all sorrows have an end ;—
 Fear lest I deserve reproving,
 Coming, with my words of sadness,
 To the regions of the blissful,
 When I should approach in gladness.

How of old the music mov'd me
 Of thy sweet and guileless voice,
 How thy merry accents caus'd me
 Still to wonder and rejoice.
 Now again my mem'ry listens
 To those tones so glad and clear,
 Still those winsome notes so tender
 Fall upon my ravish'd ear,
 And I hearken till I sorrow,
 And again my judgment calls,
 Bidding me to hear the chorus
 Ringing through the Heav'nly Halls—
 Hear the voices of the spirits
 Cry "Hosanna !" loud above ;
 Then I know that they are singing
 At thy bridal feast, my love !

LXXXVIII.

HERON'S-NEST.

SHE stood on the darksome marge
 Of the river deep and cold,
 As there came up a stately barge
 All glowing with colours and gold.

She heard the carolling strain,
 Upborne by the wanton breeze—
 “O GOD, now quit my pain,”
 She cried, as she sank on her knees.

“Forgive me my sin and my shame,
 In leaving the guide of my youth,
 And trusting in man to my blame,
 And not to the word of Thy truth.”

Then, mocking her penitent pray'r,
 She rose with an outstretch'd hand,
 And nerv'd with the strength of despair,
 She leap'd from the quivering strand.

Thus madly she hasten'd to die,
 As the stately barge came up,
 And the feast and the song were high,
 And the wine was red in the cup.

“ Oh, what is that golden weed which there
Is floating upon the wave ? ”

“ Oh, that is the hair of a lady fair,
Hath met with a watery grave.”

“ My stalwart men, now tow’rds her row,
And save from the waters dark ;
Or died she of chance, or died she of woe,
We’ll take her into our bark.”

My lord leant over from the prow,
To catch the golden tress—
“ God sain thee and save thee, thou guilty man now,
In the hour of thy distress.”

He has stretch’d too far o’er the glassy tide,
He has loos’d his feeble hold,
In vain to grasp him his men have tried,
He has sunk in the waters cold.

And the mirth and song are hush’d,
And they lower the swelling sail,
And the faces but now with merriment flush’d,
Are blanch’d and deadly pale.

And they put the barge about,
And, like to men in a dream,
To the proud old tower whence they set out,
They sadly drop with the stream.

When they reach the marble stair,
 Which leads from the water's edge,
 Of two dank corpses they are aware,
 All caught in the tangled sedge.

They lay them both in one vault to rest
 (Ye gallants, tremble to hear),
 The perjur'd lord of proud Heron's-nest,
 And his victim fair Alice Vere.

LXXXIX.

ALL THESE SMILE UPON THE AUTHOR.

THERE's a smile upon the ocean,
 When some clear, calm day is done,
 As with waves in gentle motion,
 It appears to kiss the sun ;
 But a calmer smile, and sweeter,
 Is my loving wife's to see,
 When, returning home, I greet her,
 As she hastens forth to me.

There's a smile upon the mountains,
 When the rosy-finger'd dawn
 Lights the merry, sparkling fountains,
 And awakes the playful fawn ;

But a smile more glad and beaming
 Lightens up my boy's blue eyes,
 When the golden daylight, streaming
 Through the casement, bids him rise.

There's a smile upon the river,
 As its shining waters flow
 Where the birch and aspen quiver
 In its mirror deep below ;
 But a smile of deeper gladness
 Has my gentle little maid,
 Chasing far away all sadness,
 As the sunbeams chase the shade.

There's a smile, in fresh spring weather,
 Where the bonnie blue-bells grow ;
 There's a smile upon the heather,
 In the autumn's riper glow ;
 But a smile of purer pleasures
 Is my little baby girl's,
 She, the newest of my treasures,
 The least clouded of my pearls.



